

THE
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STATE OF RELIGION.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

THE religious affairs of the country, in their general aspect, though not such as could be desired, are sufficient to encourage effort. While some indications are discouraging, others inspire hope.

Among the systems of avowed opposition to the cause of Christ is open infidelity, in its diversified forms, which recently has assumed a degree of presumption and recklessness in its modes of attack seldom, if ever, known before in these United States. No longer careful to conceal its deformity under the habiliment of "philosophy, falsely so called," it unblushingly intrudes itself through the press, by popular lectures, and even in the witless form of Anti-Bible conventions. Thus its votaries not only reject the counsel of God, and deny the Lord that bought them, but glory in their shame. They are mostly foreigners, who brought their principles with them, and are as far from being loyal citizens as good Christians; for they aim to destroy those Bible principles which lie at the foundation of our civil institutions. By their inglorious warfare upon Christianity and the free institutions founded thereon, they assume an awful responsibility, and soon or late must meet it. But we trust that the Bible and our country will both live long after their names, with the records of their folly, shall have been blotted from the annals of time.

Another system of error, which makes a very formidable resistance to the kingdom of Christ and to the authorized means of its extension, is Popery, the "man of sin" and "son of perdition," which embodies an incredible amount of ignorance, credulity, and superstition. And though, perhaps from mere policy, it evidently assumes its mildest and least objectionable form

in these United States, nothing but the want of power, it is believed, restrains it from all the wonted excesses of violence pertaining to it in Papal countries. In the mean time its crafty propagators even here are vigilantly using all the means they can command to deceive and proselyte the young and the simple-hearted, and to some extent are successful. If they opposed the sinful practices of their adherents, as zealously as they do the Bible and its saving principles, they would deserve to be encouraged; but unfortunately their religion seems to produce no reformation in morals, but rather to confirm its subjects in vicious habits. A tree is known by its fruit, and a man's religion by his conduct. Foreigners sent here from Papal countries often disturb the repose of quiet citizens by uproar and tumult; and though they know not wherefore they are come together, yet they are ready to smite with the fiat of wickedness any citizens whom they regard as heretics. But this system, rotten at the core, is tottering to its fall, and will have an end. Its days are well nigh numbered. No doubt the man of sin will die hard, and linger for a time in his death-struggle; but we confidently expect the fulfillment of Paul's prediction: "Then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming," 2 Thessalonians ii. 8.

These two systems of organized opposition to the truth—infidelity and Popery—so congenial to the moral depravity and natural ignorance of man, coming between the unconverted masses of people and the pure Gospel of Christ, drive too many of them into a state of bewildered skepticism, and thus bar them out of the kingdom of God, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. This remark, however, applies more to foreigners among us than to American citizens.

The people generally are plentifully supplied with a fictitious and ungodly literature, calculated to increase and perpetuate their alienation of heart from God, so that the more they read of it the less they know of it, or care to know, of what is most essential to their everlasting welfare. By this means the fountains of spiritual and social life are poisoned, and the young especially have many temptations spread out before them to throw off the restraints of religion, and to participate in such worldly amusements as are found at the circus or theater, the halls of comical exhibition, or the silly dance.

But, after all, perhaps the greatest obstacle to the progress of saving truth among us at present exists in the all-absorbing pursuit of worldly gain. Wealth is the idol of the age, the patron of pride, that pampers the love of ease, luxury, and display; of travel for mere sight-seeing, and resort to places of fashionable vice; all which tend to mental dissipation, and are ruinous to experimental and practical godliness. And the inordinate love of gain is the sin of the age, the sin that besets a larger class of our citizens, and interferes more with their relative duties to God and man than any other. "But they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition," 1 Timothy vi, 9. The recent explosion of banking institutions, with the terrible shock experienced in every department of business, is a signal rebuke to the spirit of speculation and general extravagance of the country; respecting which the chief cause of regret is, that the innocent must suffer with the guilty. May this reproof of a wise and merciful Providence influence many to consider their ways, and turn their feet to the testimonies of the Lord!

Such are some of the difficulties with which the American Churches have to contend in evangelizing the nation, and there are others too tedious to name. In our own denominational affairs there are no unusual obstacles of a general nature to the progress of the work, but only such as are common to all Churches. No visible cause of division exists, and no unpleasant controversy agitates our connection or threatens its peace, except the proposed new term of membership, which affects our influence and our prospect of usefulness injuriously, in the conferences embracing slaveholding territory, and in those sympathizing with them. Upon this unpleasant and delicate subject, in this connection, we can only say to all concerned, as Joseph said to his brethren, "See that ye fall not out by the way." One hasty, unadvised step in the premises might lead

to results to be long deplored. The maxim, "United we stand, divided we fall," applies as well to ecclesiastical as to civil bodies. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

On the other hand, there are favorable indications, as to the general state of religion, sufficient to inspire hope and encourage effort. Among them the following may be briefly referred to: The augmented and still accumulating power of the religious press to supply the people with Bibles and wholesome religious publications, in such quantities and on such terms as to bring them within the reach of all classes, is a fact of very great interest among all the friends of Christian benevolence. The increasing liberality of Christians in multiplying houses of worship, in founding and sustaining institutions of learning on Christian principles, and in establishing and supporting Gospel missions, domestic and foreign, is also a fact of similar importance and encouragement to the one last named.

Another favorable circumstance exists in the increasing attention to the religious training of the rising generation, especially by juvenile publications and Sabbath school instruction; to all which should be added, on an extended scale, catechising by parents and ministers. The religious education of children is the most reliable means of drying up the sources of infidelity and error, with their streams of practical vice, and of retaining them in after life to be useful members of their respective Protestant Churches. And another inducement to this work of piety is, the easiest way of access to the hearts of parents, in many cases, is through their beloved children.

All of these modes of operation, however, with their kindred benevolent institutions, are but auxiliaries to the regular ministry of the Gospel, the great system ordained of God to save the souls of men, and which, to some considerable extent, is accomplishing his benevolent purpose. Great and effectual doors are open to preach the Gospel in our own country—to say nothing of other lands—both among foreign emigrants and native citizens. And the progress which the Gospel is making among both classes is highly encouraging.

There are revivals of religion from year to year, sufficient in number, extent, and power to justify the conclusion, that the Holy Spirit still pervades our Protestant Churches, working repentance unto life and salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, changing the hearts and reforming the lives of multitudes of people, and that our Lord is still faithful to his promise, "Lo, I am with you." These revival scenes are indispensable

to strengthen the hands and comfort the hearts of ministers and private Christians, to fill our Churches with spiritual worshipers, to multiply converts to Christ, and to extend his peaceful reign over the hearts of rebellious sinners, and bring them to the obedience of faith and the enjoyment of his salvation.

Genuine revivals of the work of God are best promoted by a proper use of the means of his own appointing—such as a faithful exhibition of the plain, practical truths of the Gospel; a regular attention to the sacraments, baptism, and the Lord's supper; public prayer and praise, with reading the holy Scriptures in the congregations; faithful pastoral visitation; punctual attendance at the social meetings of the Church, for the promotion of Christian experience and the communion of saints; together with family and private devotion; and also, when occasion requires, a faithful but prudent administration of moral discipline upon the incorrigibly delinquent. Relying upon the God of our fathers in the stated use of these means, with the spirit of prayer and faith, and in the use of extraordinary and protracted efforts under corresponding circumstances, and proving ourselves personally faithful to our holy calling, we may confidently expect the rich blessings of his saving grace in a plentiful harvest of souls. In our own Church we have for some years past been favored, not with a very large, but steady increase of members and ministers, a large proportion of whom appear to be well endued with the spirit of the Gospel, and earnestly pressing to the mark of holiness, for the prize of eternal life. Various speculations have gone forth respecting the late increased demand for ministers, most of which are groundless. To us, who have surveyed the work generally, it is evident that our deficiency of laborers arises, not so much from a reduced number of candidates for the ministry, as from the multiplication of ministerial charges and open doors to new and inviting fields of Gospel enterprise; which we regard as a fact highly encouraging. Upon the whole, we do not know any reason why the course of our glorious Methodism should not be onward, and still onward, with a wider range, a deeper influence, and an increased momentum, till it shall have accomplished the object of its mission—the spread of Scriptural holiness over all lands. May the Lord hasten it in his time! Amen.

SCIENCE may raise us to eminence, but religion alone can guide us to felicity.

PICTURES OF LIFE.

BY PHOEBE PAINE.

MORNING.

"Do what he will, he can not realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he can not hope to find
The truth, the beauty, pictured in his mind."

"My eyes make pictures when they are shut:
I see a fountain large and fair,
A willow and a ruin'd hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow;
Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow."

THE mind of man is artistical. It has its poetry, its paintings, its sculpture. It draws its materials from the deep recesses within and the extended universe without. It ascends the loftiest mountains, and walks amid the most distant stars, gathering into its treasure-house their varied beauties. From the marble and granite of earth it rears within its walls temples and palaces of architectural beauty; carves statues with more than Pygmalion skill, breathing into them its spiritual life, shedding over them its inward light, till they move, speak, and live. It unrolls the annals of the past, retouching with its warm pencil scenes grown cold and dim by the lapse of years. It transfers the changing present into its image-chambers, and sketches in bold perspective the shadowy future. Thus it has its own studios, and galleries filled with the pictures and images which imagination forms from its own creations, or memory traces from the scenes of life and nature.

It requires the hand of a Guido and a Shakespeare, a Dante and a Raphael, to embody these living pictures in words, to transfer these breathing images on canvas, or rear these architectural buildings into tangible forms. Yet are they daily developed in the drama of life, rendering it at once poetry and painting. The bold conceptions which the pencil can not portray, the burning thoughts that language can not clothe, are stereotyped in deeds. Some active principle, absorbing passion, or conflicting interest gives an impetus to action, and life presents to us scenes grand in their design, brilliant in their coloring, powerful in their execution; while its still, quiet pictures are frequently more thrilling, touching, beautiful.

"Life is to us a battle-field,
Our hearts a holy land."

It was winter—and winter in New England, the remembrance of which has not melted away beneath a southern residence. Early had this

monarch of the year assumed his regal power, and spread over nature his wintery armor. Mountains and valleys were clothed in helmets of frost and draperies of snow; torrent, lake, and river were hushed in silence beneath his icy seal.

While Nature, robed in the court-dress of her sovereign, lay thus impassive yet beautiful at his feet, his kingly scepter was extended over the mind and heart, and all who touched it lived. It imparted vigor and activity to the mental powers; changed the latent heat of the social virtues and tender charities of life into sensible, whose genial warmth pervaded the moral atmosphere of our world.

The morning was clear and cold in the month of February, 18—. A hot breakfast of coffee, rolls, and numerous other substantials, which never fail to grace a New England table, had strengthened the outer being, relaxing the nerves of its physical system, which the extreme cold had drawn up to their highest tension. A grate of burning anthracite was diffusing its heat throughout the parlor, giving it an agreeable summer temperature; books, work, friendly words, and more friendly looks, all invited to a fireside lounge instead of exercise in the open air.

I hesitated, when the merry tinkling of sleigh-bells, the quick footsteps crushing the frozen snow, the glad laugh of childhood without, and, above all, the still small voice within, reminding me of duties to be performed beyond my own family circle, decided me. Throwing on my winter wrappings, in a few moments I was breathing the keen, frosty air, and feeling its invigorating influence, in the streets of P.

It was one of Winter's richest gala days, when, it would seem, he had disrobed himself of his gorgeous apparel, and taken every gem and jewel from his kingly diadem to adorn the cold but fair form of Nature. I paused in the broad opening of — street, to take in the scene, which, far as the eye could reach, was spread out before me, closing on one side by a blue line of hills—on the other by the still deeper blue of the ocean, the voice of whose many waters was distinctly heard.

The bright skies poured forth their fullest light around the far-off mountain-tops, over the leafless forest, the open country, and crowded city. Earth in her robes of whiteness, the glittering roofs and spires, the shining atmosphere of silvery net-work, gave back each dazzling glance to the clear heavens. The trees waved their crystallized branches and pendant brilliants in the sunlight; and the islands—emeralds in the greenness of summer—were now pearls in the

crystal bosom of the bay, which lay as unmoved by its own deep heavings as it was impervious to the dashing oar.

The cold would not suffer me to delay. The hum of busy existence fell upon my ear; and as I passed along, I found the dwellers of this crystallized world eager and earnest in the development of life in all its varied forms and pursuits. Here were gay parties in open sleighs, already commencing the pleasures of the day; there the lawyer, with his green bag, was hurrying to the courts; the merchant to his counting-room or the 'Change; children, whose cheeks glowed and fingers tingled with the cold kisses of the morning air, skipping joyfully along to their school-rooms; the markets swarming with buyers and sellers; messengers, cloaked and hooded, passing to and fro, on errands of business and mercy, through the thronged streets.

I threaded my way, giving and receiving many a friendly greeting, till I arrived at a humble dwelling, which for more than a half century had been the Widow's Home. I entered a small room. Beside the warm fire sat the grandmother, the mother, the daughter, and prattling grandchild. The old lady held her knitting in her hand; before her lay the open Bible, which she was reading aloud to her daughters, who were silently plying their needles, while the little girl played by their side.

Their countenances were expressive of patient endurance, quiet resignation, and cheerful hope. There was even an expression of meek triumph in the eyes of the aged one, as she raised them from the word of life, as if she rejoiced that with her the contest was nearly over, the victory almost won; while the suffering, subdued looks of the youngest showed it had only commenced with her, and time had but partially healed the deep wounds of her heart. They were widows.

"Bless me!" exclaimed each kind voice, "you here, my dear Miss —, this cold winter morning!"

"Yes, I am here this delightful, bright morning. Came to see how you are; come to warm my heart among you—"

"Right glad are we to see you; but here, sit down and warm your feet."

And I found myself in the warmest corner of their perfectly neat and well-arranged apartment.

"It is unnecessary for me to inquire, my dear Mrs. Crosby, how you are getting on this long winter, for I perceive you are comfortable."

"O yes," replied she, "so many kind friends has our heavenly Father blessed us with. To be sure, in the fall it did look dark; Susan's

great affliction, grandmother's increasing weakness, the little one's sickness, all pressed upon us. But I knew even then we should be sustained; that He who had so often taken from us our earthly props would not leave nor forsake us. We have not trusted in vain. How many helps we have had! Our dear pastor has not only poured the wine and the oil of the blessed Gospel into our sorrowing hearts, but he has ministered to our temporal wants. He gave us money. As I placed it in my purse, 'This is good seed,' said I to Susan; 'our purse will not be empty this winter.' Even so. A plenty of work, the kindness of friends, or, rather, the goodness of God, has made it unto us like the meal and oil of the woman in Scripture." The good woman's gratitude made her eloquent; and what eloquence surpasses that which flows from a grateful heart!

One of the most interesting features of life is woman—her position and its relations, her character and its results. Her physical organization and natural instincts place her in dependence, from which flows all those social endearing ties that receive their authority alike from nature and revelation. The weaker vessel, her station on the waters of life is by the side of the stronger, to whom she looks up for support and defense as they buffet together the stormy waves; while her quick perceptions, active energy, power of endurance, and watchful tenderness render her, in the emphatic language of Scripture, a helpmeet. Sometimes, in the providence of God, the stronger one, with sails full set, in all the might and strength of manhood, is suddenly wrecked, and her little bark is left to struggle by itself on the wide waste.

Thus had it been with this humble family. They were associated with my earliest recollections. When quite a child, a friend, in one of her frequent visits, took me to the "Widow's Home." The grandmother, mother, and three children were its inmates. They were invalids; appeared sick and suffering; but I remember the song of praise and thanksgiving was then on their lips. On going out my friend exclaimed, with suppressed emotion, "Never did a door close upon such suffering, good, and happy hearts!" I wondered. I could not then perceive the connection between goodness, happiness, and suffering.

Their history is neither strange nor new in the annals of domestic life. The maturity and old age of the grandmother had passed in the loneliness of widowhood. She struggled with its poverty and its sorrows, but, with a believing, hopeful heart, rested on Him who is the widow's God and the Father to the fatherless; and her

home, like her own bosom, was filled with peace and joy.

In this home a daughter grew up to womanhood, married, and removed from its sheltering roof. A few brief years of happiness succeeded, and she returned stricken, bereaved. The husband of her youth, the father of her children, was cut down by the hand of death, leaving to his offspring no earthly heritage than his prayers and Christian example. With these rich treasures garnered in her heart, and her helpless infants, she sought again the maternal roof, where she found practical use for the beautiful lessons of patience, faith, and hope she had seen exemplified by her mother in her long years of widowhood.

That mother welcomed her with all the love and sympathy of one who felt the measure of her grief, and knew its remedy. They had passed through the same ordeal of affliction, and were sustained by the same faith and hope. United by affection and suffering, their lives mingled into one stream, which flowed silently onward in its humble course, occasionally agitated by the rough winds of earth, but also enlivened by its sunbeams. There yet remained to them objects of tender love and anxious solicitude—their children, one son and two daughters, for whom they toiled, and whose hands they taught to labor, and hearts to love and pray.

The son grew up, strong and manly; his heart full of filial and fraternal affection, and his mind endued with right purposes and firm principles. He was a sailor; and if his frequent absences cast their shadows on that happy home, his return brought joy and gladness, with many substantial proofs of his thoughtful care.

The daughters were affectionate and industrious. The eldest, finding the labors of the needle injurious, it was proposed she should prepare herself for a teacher. Full of aspirations for improvement and affectionate desires to relieve her mother and grandmother from the heat and burden of the day they had borne so long, she entered school and applied herself to books with the utmost diligence. Her brother gave her pecuniary assistance. His proud heart swelled with gratification, as he marked her rapid progress; and his eyes filled with inexpressible tenderness as they rested upon her young face.

The winter was severe and inclement, but no storms prevented Mary from attending school. The exposure was too much for her delicate frame. Repeated colds terminated in a cough and other symptoms, which indicated the approach of that ruthless destroyer—consumption.

Her mother and grandmother watched each incipient step of the disease with fear and trembling. The young girl herself was full of hope. Spring would bring health, and her brother, with all her bright anticipations of future usefulness. The mother smiled through her tears, and said, gently, "My daughter, you are now in the school of suffering and disappointment, preparatory to a home of rest and peace. Is the thought of your removal thither painful?"

"Not painful to me, mother—only for you. I would still live for you—and I shall. Am I not better to-day? When George returns, his presence will make me well. Rest is not for the young; and peace—surely, in this school of suffering, there is peace—the peace which our blessed Savior left to his followers on earth."

The son and brother was expected home in a few days. Every eye brightened in that little household, and new strength was imparted to the invalid. But, alas! a silent messenger alone—a letter—brought the tidings of his death!

It were vain to speak of the sorrow of those sorrowing hearts. Its dark folds lay heavily upon their crushed spirits, and could only be lifted by the Hand which had suffered it to fall. And that Hand, which never withholds its aid from the suffering children of earth, put forth its strength to support them under present, and prepare them for future trials.

As light broke in upon their darkness, they perceived all they had lost, and all they were to lose. The shock was too great for the enfeebled frame of the sister, and they girded up their minds, by faith and prayer, for the conflict. She sank rapidly. In a few weeks she breathed out her spirit in the arms of her mother, and the widows were left in their home with their only remaining child.

They were bereaved, but not desolate. They looked upward, where God and their treasures were, and around, and found there were duties to be performed and blessings still to be enjoyed on earth. In meek resignation they prepared themselves to suffer and to do the will of their heavenly Father.

Time passed on; their daughter married, but continued to cheer them with her presence. They were happy in her happiness, when death again entered their dwelling. Her husband was the victim, and the tears of the widow and orphan again flowed in their midst.

As I sat by their fireside, and this picture passed before me, with all its lights and shadows, I felt how various the moral discipline of life. On some the chastening rod falls in open

daylight, awakening the sympathy of all minds; while others receive it in the secret chambers of their hearts, and wrestle alone with sorrows that a stranger intermeddles not with. The results of this discipline were before me—the development of Christian life—the formation of Christian character, in its full and fair proportions—and I went out with faith and hope strengthened.

NOON.

"Life is before ye!" and as now ye stand
Eager to spring upon the promised land,
Fair smiles the way where yet your feet have trod
But few light steps upon a flowery sod;
Round ye are youth's green bowers."

Life is a reality. Its features are constantly changing, yet they leave their impress upon its surface—now in light, shadowy lines; then in those darker, heavier ones, which deepen till every lineament is distinct, complete, and you see and feel its truth.

As I returned, I found a winter's noon was not less life-stirring than its morning. My homeward steps were staid by a gentle rap on a window, a bright face gleaming through geraniums and rose-trees, and a hand holding up some orange flowers. The door opened.

"O do come in," said a sweet voice, "do come in, and aid me in arranging these flowers for my hair. Are they not beautiful?"

"Beautiful, indeed," I replied, looking at the rich braids of dark hair, which were wound gracefully around her head.

"And they have given me so much trouble to procure them."

"What, your hair?" I asked.

"O, no, not my hair," said she, laughing and blushing, "but these buds and blossoms. Are they not perfect?"

"Perfect! yes."

"But you are not looking at them."

I was not. My eyes rested upon the youthful being before me—the image of young happiness.

"You are just the one," she continued, "I have been wishing for all the morning. 'Give me your severe taste upon this paraphernalia we have here,' ushering me into a room where sat her mother quietly sewing amid dresses, ribbons, and laces.

"Do tell me," exclaimed I, "what all this means! Is Clara to be married?"

"No, no, not married myself, but the next thing to it. My friend Martha is to be married to-night; I am to be bridesmaid, and Edward is—" Her eyes fell beneath mine; she did not finish. I divined why it was the next thing.

"Now, dear friend, I wish you to decide the momentous question, between this, [holding up a rich white satin,] my father's present, and that, [pointing to a simple muslin,] mother's gift. Mother says the satin in compliment to father's taste. You know her old-fashioned notions of deference to the supreme head. I prefer the muslin, thin, light—light as my own free heart, upon which the folds of the satin would press too heavily."

"This once, dear Clara," I replied, "only this once, I must decide against the graver judgment of your grave mother, in favor of the light muslin and your lighter self. Leave satins till the cares of life enable you to support their weight with dignity."

"Thank you, thank you. Long will it be ere I shall be obliged to incase myself in such stiff robes. Do you know I am very unbelieving in the cares of life? Life is bright, beautiful—it is enjoyment."

"Yes, a holiday, no doubt," said I, "just as long as the sunlight of the soul is clear—"

"But when that is darkened by sorrow, my child, what will it be?" interrupted the fond mother, whose whole soul seemed gushing forth in the looks of love, which rested upon the bright personification of life before us.

"Still beautiful, mother," said the young girl, kneeling and resting her head upon her mother's lap, "if it has that faith in God, that love to man, and hope of heaven, you have taught me here to feel and to know."

A mother's love! who can describe its power to will and to do—its capacity to suffer and to enjoy? It welcomes us on the threshold of existence, and continues with us through its whole pilgrimage. Our infancy is cradled beneath the shadow of its wings, our childhood revels in its sunbeams, our youth is guided by its watchful care, and our maturer years are cheered by its unchanging sympathy. Who can measure its depth or estimate its strength when it expands itself over a large circle, much less when it is concentrated on one, who has nestled alone in its bosom, and drunk alone of its deep well-springs?

Clara was an only child. In her were centered all the hopes of a proud father and tender mother. She had been to them a new existence—a second life—which, developing itself beneath their paternal care and love, had become the whole of life, uniting the past, the present, and the future. And now, as she stood in their small household, in the first blush of beautiful womanhood, what wonder if with their irrepressible affection were mingled feelings of pride and exultation!

NIGHT.

"Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way."

The short twilight of winter soon passed, and night let fall her curtain over the frozen earth. The city sent forth a blaze of light, from hall, and tower, and lowly fireside. If the pulsations of life were less visible than during the day, they were not less strong or deep, as the thronging worshippers gathered around its numerous altars to offer up their evening incense.

A long train of gay carriages, filled with the young and old, wrapped in warm furs, were at the door of Mrs. Meridan. A young gentleman stepped out of an open sleigh, flew up the steps, and entered the parlor.

"Ready, Clara?"

"All ready, Edward," was the reply.

He turned to interchange the compliments of the evening with the family, but exclaimed, "My dear Mrs. Meridan, how pale you look! Are you ill?"

"No, not ill, only a little weak. This sleigh-riding this cold night makes me nervous. And you are in an open sleigh, with your mother?"

"O yes, mamma, I begged Edward for an open carriage," said Clara; "these moving houses, which scarcely allow one a peep at the blue sky, are dreadful. Nothing so delightful as a ride in an open sleigh on a winter's star-lit night."

"But the air, my child, is so cold at this season! How long, Edward, are these wedding festivities to continue?"

"Only a few days."

"We commit Clara to your care. Return her to us in safety."

"As certainly as I return myself. Be at ease, my dear madam; can she be more precious to you than to me?"

"Yes, Edward, there may be another Clara for you in this wide world; but for us, her father and mother, there is only this one," infolding her in her arms as she wrapped her cloak around her.

"Dear mother, if my heart was not brimful of joy, you would make me sad," said Clara. "But I have felt all day

'Joy in every living thing,
Nature's bounty doth bestow,
Good and bad, still welcoming,
In her rosy path they go,
Kisses she to us hath given,'"

imprinting a warm one on her mother's cheek, and then another, saying, "This for dear father when he returns to-night." She gave her hand

to her lover, and in a few moments they had passed the lighted streets, and were in the open country.

The night was clear and calm. The stars looked out from their blue home on the white earth in still and quiet beauty. The moon, escaping from the warm glances of the bright-haired sun, hung her pale crescent low in the west; and the light, feathery forms of the aurora borealis streamed up from the cold north.

Beneath this silvery canopy our wedding guests pursued their onward course—the hearts of the elders of the party beating with the hopes and expectations of warm drawing-rooms, easy rocking-chairs, and fortunate escapes from cold and cough; while those of the younger ones could scarcely keep time with all the brilliant imaginings of their own rose-colored thoughts.

"How exhilarating this pure air!" said Clara. "It seems to bear us upward; the feet of our horses hardly touch the snow; we shall soon overtake yonder Charioteer, who is careering so proudly through the sky," pointing to Auriga.

"Stop, brother Edward, and place me on the starry crown of Orion, who stands there with his shining epaulettes and sword studded with diamonds," said little Mary Hartman.

"What is the greatest charm of a starlight night?" asked Mrs. Hartman.

"To me," replied Edward, "it is the idea of interminable existence which it presents, bearing upon its flowing and ebbing tides the great and silent past, the active and earnest present, with the unfathomable future."

"Friends," interrupted Clara, "yon dome of starry light 'is a loving Father's place.' I never look up to it without all the gladdening feelings of home-life. Those glittering orbs are the dwellings of his great household."

At that moment one of the carriages passed them, which gave a new impetus to their fiery steeds. The bridal hall already gleamed brightly in the distance. As they descended the hill which led to its open gates, their sleigh overturned, precipitating them all to the earth. Scarcely a moment elapsed ere they were on their feet again, interchanging kind inquiries, with the exception of Clara, who lay still and motionless as the silent snows around her. Edward raised her from the ground, but received no answer to the words of tenderness that trembled on his lips—he held in his arms the lifeless form of Clara Meridan!

They moved slowly onward, bearing with them to the marriage feast an unbidden and appalling guest—Death—his cold breath extinguishing the

light and joy of the festive scene, blanching the cheeks of the young and old, chilling the warm life-blood of bold, courageous hearts. Beneath his stern glance the youthful pair plighted their mutual vows, amid the tears and sobs of surrounding friends. As the man of God invoked upon them the blessing of Heaven, he prayed yet more fervently for the stricken and bereaved.

In their happy home in — street sat the unconscious parents of Clara. Refinement and elegance spread around their united influence. Rich carpets covered the floors; soft ottomans and easy chairs invited the weary to repose; shaded lamps let fall their subdued light. An open musical instrument, upon which lay the Bride's Farewell, showed that some hand had just touched the keys. Stands of flowers shed their sweet fragrance, reminding us of fragrant youth and beauty; books and paintings all spoke of youthful taste and talent. The father had returned from his counting-house at the usual hour. His slippers were in their accustomed place, warming for his reception; his arm-chair stood in his favorite corner; his papers lay on the table ready for his perusal; but she, the loved one, the life of their home, its spirit of gladness, was not there to welcome him with her sweet smile and evening kiss.

"Clara is gone," said he, as he laid aside his thick coat for his warm dressing-gown. "It is a cold night; I hope she was well prepared to meet its piercing air. But why do I ask, when a mother's eye and a mother's love watches over her?" The mother smiled, and pressed his extended hand.

Tea was brought in; and as Mr. Meridan sipped the refreshing beverage, he turned over the papers, and attempted to read. Nothing could fix his attention—not even the politics of the day; he missed the flute-like voice of his daughter, who read to him at that hour. He threw aside the paper, with a slight degree of impatience in his manner, and as he did so raised his eyes to his wife, and for the first time observed her pale, anxious countenance. Suspecting the cause, every appearance of restlessness vanished, and he engaged her in pleasant conversation. They talked of the happy past, of the beautiful development of young life their Clara daily presented. The mother's heart grew strong, and her eyes lighted up with faith and hope.

It was an hour of sweet communion. Their full, open hearts reflected the peace and happiness of the present, while the future lay mirrored clear and bright in their child; and they thanked God for his manifold blessings. The

father's hand lay upon the family Bible; he opened and read, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place throughout all generations." At that moment the bell rung, and the death-messenger entered. One loud, agonizing cry resounded through the house, succeeded by the silence and desolation of the grave.

* * * * *

Another morning dawned. The Sun poured forth his exhaustless rays upon the white-bosomed Earth, who received his homage and reveled in his beams, unmindful of her sorrowing sons and daughters. Again I went forth, and through the full tide of life made my way to the chamber of Death, where lay Clara Meridan in her last sleep—a breathless sleep. As yet Death had placed no other impress upon her than his profound repose. The thin muslin—her "mother's gift"—infolded her full, round form; the orange flowers mingled with her rich dark hair. An expression of more than peace, of joy, rested upon her calm, placid features, which seemed to say that life to her was "still beautiful;" that, untouched by care, unscathed by sorrow, she had early been called upward to minister in its higher, its holier courts. The voice of Faith spoke inwardly, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth on me shall never die."

MY LITTLE SISTER.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

THERE is something mournfully pleasant about her memory. A multitude of sweet thoughts rush upon my mind whenever I speak of her,

"That beautiful one
Who faded so early."

I was twelve years old when that sister died; and though more than as many years have cast their shadows over this heart, they have not effaced the remembrance of that gentle smile—that beaming face shines as clearly in my mind to-day, as when, with buoyant footsteps, I followed her among the flowers, and gazed into her lovely eyes. She had, I have often thought, the most beautiful face I ever beheld. A high white forehead; rosy, dimpled cheeks; clear black eyes, full of intelligence and love; sunny curls over a neck of snow. O, she was lovely; and her many acts of kindness, her words of confidence and trust, her humility, her forgiving spirit, were beautiful as the sweet face she wore; both won the love of many who still retain her remembrance in tender hearts. Yet none loved her so dearly as

the little group at home; there each vied with each other in their affection for the little one. We called her Viola; and she was pure and gentle as the meek flower that bears her name. How well I recollect, when a little brother wept, or a sister experienced some slight sorrow, how quickly the tear of pity would fill her eye, and she would wind her little arms around the weeping one, and in tones of affection evince her sorrow! Dear little one! she was not to dwell long in this sin-polluted world. Five summers had scattered their beauty along her path, when she rested as if weary of her play, languished a few sad days, and died. It was a bright Sabbath morning in summer when we sat thoughtful and tearful around the little sufferer. She lay wasted and pale in her easy cradle, and for the first time in many hours a look of recognition came to her sweet face. Reaching up her little arms, she called our parents. They kneeled close by her side, and she clasped her thin white hands around the neck of each, gave them a farewell kiss, and murmured, "I love you all very dearly." Then our eldest sister came forward for one last token of affection; but, alas! it was too late. Never shall I forget her sobs and tears as she begged of the little one over whose pillow she had spent so many watchful nights for one word or kiss of affection; but all in vain; her little arms fell listless by her side, and she seemed wearied with her last effort. She could do no more, and looked satisfied and happy. Then we wept wildly when we thought that those dear arms would never more encircle our necks, or those sweet lips be pressed again to ours. They trembled faintly, as if to speak; but their music was hushed forever. Her sweet eyes unclosed, as if to look a fond farewell ere they shut in long repose. But she was beautiful in death. Never shall I forget the impressions made upon my young heart by her appearance after the spirit had fled. A smile lingered on her parted lips. They dressed her in a white shroud, and her little dimpled hands were pressed over her quiet bosom. Then they made her a little grave on the green hill-side, and the turf was laid gently on her pillow. There we planted the sweet violet and a damask rose. It is a fit resting-place for one so pure.

"To that lone spot I love to stray,
Where sleeps the dust of that dear one,
Who fled so soon from earth away,
Ere yet her life was scarce begun.
O lovely spot! O sister dear!
I almost envy thee thy bliss.
O gladly would I leave earth's care,
For such a resting-place as this!"

"THE SON OF MAN HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY
HIS HEAD."

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

YE whom the world esteemeth great,
Who, pillowed on a couch of state,
May close, at fall of night, the eye
Beneath a gorgeous canopy,
Remember how the Savior came
To bear our load of sin and shame.
The birds of earth, the fowls of air,
A quiet resting-place might share,
But when the shades of night were spread,
He had not where to lay his head.

And ye who share a humbler lot,
Whose dwelling is a lowly cot,
Where poverty has thrown its ills,
Where cankering care your spirit fills,
Who walk through life unloved and lone,
The Savior all your griefs hath known;
The rich, the mighty, passed him by,
With cold neglect and scornful eye;
He hungered for his daily bread;
He had not where to lay his head.

Ye stars that shine, as then ye shone,
Ye marked the Master's vigils lone!
He trod, with ministry divine,
Thy hills and vales, O Palestine!
He wandered with his faithful few
Beneath thy midnight skies of blue.
Witness thy waves, Genesaret!
Thy three-capped brow, green Olivet,
There lingering when day had fled,
He had not where to lay his head.

When moonlight slept upon the sea,
He sought thy shores, O Galilee!
When loud the wind and billows raved,
Tiberias, thy storms he braved.
The dew-drops gemmed the mountains where
The Savior bowed all night in prayer;
At eve the sufferer's tears flowed free
Amid thy bowers, Gethsemane!
And Calvary marked his life-blood shed:
He had not where to lay his head.

If thus, O suffering Son of God,
In meekness thou this earth hast trod,
In grief, in shame, in sorrow's hour,
When clouds around our path shall lower;
If care, if suffering should be
Our lot, we'll meekly bow like thee.
Content thy lot below to share,
May we as thou our burdens bear,
Rejoicing in thy path to tread,
Who hadst not where to lay thy head!

WITHOUT star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble Love,
And not proud Reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud Science fails.

ALTON LOCKE.*

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

A WAY-WORN man before us passes slowly;
He leaves the world of London far behind
For the first time; he leaves his home so lowly—
It long hath lost its only charm to bind.

The bells are pealing blithely, yet the chime
Wakes no regretful feeling in his heart;
He feebly toiling on, recalls the time—
A life of winters! tears refuse to start.

He owes no love to his own native city;
Like some gaunt she-wolf littered on the hill,
She feels not for her young remorse or pity—
Starvation, cold, and death may work their will.

Oft has he stood, e'en in the rain and sleet,
Fierce hunger's pangs uncloyed, at an old stall,
Plucking from dog-eared books the *bitter-sweet*,
That fruit of Eden's tree with core of gall.

We see him now upon the dusty road;
The freighted cars pass swiftly to the town,
With laughing passengers—a merry load—
The jolly squire and happy country clown.

He hears a sparkling brook, which sings along,
Opening to wonders new his darkling eye;
It woos him on with its sweet tinkling song
To groves of rugged oaks and lindens high.

Much had he read, but never had he been
Where he could breathe the soft and genial air,
Which o'er the senses can so sweetly win,
And smooth the wrinkles from the brow of care.

The park-fence climbed, he sees the grassy waves,
Now fanned and rippled by the sighing breeze;
In this new beauty fount his soul he laves;
In blissful murmurs sinks upon his knees.

Each slender blade he kisses o'er and o'er;
The pent-up stores of feeling forth do well;
He feels an ecstasy unknown before,
While down his mellowed cheeks tears thickly fell.

TO NELLY.

QUAINT and wondrous little angeling,
White-armed, floating, airy thing;
Art thou not a flower changeling,
Stolen from the elfin king?

Shut thy waxen lid so tender,
On thy violet, azure eye;
Bend thy form so lithe and slender,
As dew-laden lilies lie.

Sleep, thy Savior watches by thee,
Tender truant from the skies!
Sleep, all evil powers fly thee,
Till the dawn shall bid thee rise.

*The above is suggested by an affecting scene in Alton Locke, the tailor-poet, by Kingsley, who is represented as never having seen the fresh green grass in his life before.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. BITHIA B. LEAVITT.

CHAPTER III.

LUCY WARNER was always up bright and early. The first hour of the morning was invariably devoted to her religious duties; and, however early such occasions might require her to rise, that hour was always provided for in her calculations, and kept inviolably sacred from all intrusion. Till her mother awoke she assisted the only servant they could afford to employ in neatly arranging the house, preparing her mother's breakfast, and performing other little duties of a domestic nature.

One morning, a few days after the interview with her uncle, Lucy passed through the usual routine of duty, and as her mother still slept she sat down by the parlor window to read. In vain she essayed to follow the author; her thoughts would wander into the future. "I wonder when uncle will come," was just flitting through her mind, when a faint sound from her mother's room arrested her attention, and caused her to spring from her chair and hasten to her bedside.

"Air—air—Lucy; I—faint—for—air," whispered the sufferer, gasping for breath. In an instant Lucy had wheeled the lounge on which Mrs. Warner always slept into the adjoining parlor. The doors were opened, the curtains flung back, and, for some minutes, Lucy stood fanning her beloved parent with the most intense solicitude. Her heart sickened with terror as she noticed the face assume a more deathlike hue, and clasping her hands wildly she exclaimed, "O mother, mother, speak to me; speak, speak but one word and say you are not dying! Look at me, my mother; my mother, will you not speak to your child? O who will come? Hannah, run quickly for the doctor, and then for my uncle!"

"Your uncle is here," said a voice; and turning her eyes to the door Lucy beheld Mr. Spencer hurrying toward the couch with a wine-glass in his hand. He and Clara had come into the room just as Lucy was speaking, and in an instant perceiving his sister was only fainting he had opened the first closet he saw and procured the wine. He gently raised the head, and Lucy conveyed a few drops into her mother's mouth. In a few moments Mrs. Warner unclosed her eyes and then shut them again, while an expression of pain and disappointment passed over her features. Again she opened them with a clearer vision, and murmured, "Ah! Lucy, my child, you here, and Henry my brother, and Clara, too! I am glad to see you, but I thought I was going home."

"And you are going home, sister; to the home of your childhood—the home you loved so well. I have come to bring you to your own room; the same you used to occupy in your girlhood, and from which you can see the hills you loved, and the little lake, and catch its refreshing breezes. The carriage is here, but I fear you will not be able to ride now."

"You are very kind, dear brother. My girlhood's home was a happy one, and my husband's home was a happy one; but, brother, I have another home, far more bright, far more beautiful," and the small white finger pointed upward. "There, there's the home to which I thought I was going. Bright angels are there; angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, redeemed spirits, too. Among them is your father, Lucy; yes, redeemed," she repeated, "redeemed—redeemed—from what—for what—by whom? Ah! when we can fathom perdition we shall know from what; when we can scale heaven's glories shall we know for what; when we can estimate the worth of blood divine, shall we comprehend by what we are redeemed. Yes," she continued, "your father is there, near the throne, I doubt not; but, ah! a greater bliss than seeing him awaits me in my home—*God in Christ, my Savior*; and you will come, too, Lucy. Yes, you have chosen the lowly Jesus as your portion here; you will dwell in his glorious presence for evermore. Cling to the cross, dearest; cling, cling, never loosen your grasp, and it will bear you to the skies—to bliss—to your Savior's bosom. O what glory flows from the cross to illumine the death-bed of the Christian! Its beams pierce the grave, and all is light; they stream into heaven, and all is glory. My home! my home! O what transporting views of heaven burst upon me!" she exclaimed in ecstasy. "Transporting! transporting!" She paused, and turned suddenly to her brother and asked:

"Brother, are you prepared for the place in which you find me? *This* time you must meet. In *this* place you must lie. You must go to the grave. The judgment will require *your* presence. Heaven or hell must be your home. My brother, are you training for these events? Alas! I fear not. These are awful truths, but they are truths. O my brother," and, in the fervor of her feelings, she half raised herself on her pillows, and bent her clear eye, through which her very soul spoke, "my brother, treat not this great subject with contempt, and regard it as fit only for the 'weaker sex.' You know," she continued solemnly, "that life is a fact; you know that death is a fact; you know that happiness and misery in

this life are facts. Be assured that judgment and eternity, heaven and hell, are just as certainly *facts, living realities*. Study them as such, I beseech you. Clara, my dear child, let me persuade you to seek the Savior. In vain you will attempt to draw happiness from the gayeties of life. The fountain is not pure; the streams must necessarily be impure. Your immortal spirit can never be satisfied with—," she paused and whispered, "O I faint again. No, no. Lucy, dearest, my Lucy, look to the All-sufficient for strength. Lucy, my hour is come—your hour is come. Blessed Savior, thou hast washed me; take me to thyself!" The heart beat quickly, the speaking eye turned toward her beloved daughter in exquisite love and tenderness, the lips murmured gently, "Jesus, support my orphan child and train her for thy glory," a slight quiver passed over the frame, and the purified spirit fled to the bosom of its Savior, God.

CHAPTER IV.

"I wonder where they can be. I never saw such a looking bureau; every thing is topsy-turvy. Who could have been here?" and the young lady pushed in one drawer and pulled out another in such quick succession as to almost shake the elegant mirror from its position and overturn the various knickknacks that ornamented the top. If she had just then glanced into that mirror, she would have seen reflected a face that had been beautiful, and would be so again, but just then a frown sat upon the brow and overshadowed the whole countenance. But she was too intent upon finding "them" to give even a glance, natural as was the position for such a contemplation. "Can not you tell me if you have seen them," she at length exclaimed, shutting up the last drawer and turning impatiently around. The person addressed was about her own age, and, though neither so beautiful in feature nor symmetrical in form as herself, there was a charm in her countenance that would rivet attention from the very difficulty of explaining it. Perhaps it was the deep black in which she was robed that made her countenance more impressive. Perhaps the sentiment of the author with whom she was communing called forth the peculiar softness of expression. The other was also dressed in the deepest mourning, which exhibited her fair complexion in its most perfect beauty, and yet there was a marked contrast between the individuals.

"Can I help you, cousin Clara," replied the lady thus addressed, laying down her book. "For what are you looking—your parasol?"

"No, no, I want my gloves. They were in

this box. I am sure I put them here, but now they are gone. I'm in a hurry, and they are the only pair I have that fit me; there is no such thing as finding two pairs of gloves alike in the same pack," she added pettishly, again opening the drawer and rummaging the box that had undergone the same operation already two or three times. I hate such a hunting. This time she was more successful, for, half concealed by some article, she spied the black gloves, and exclaiming, "O, here they are! I knew I put them there," she hastily drew them on and hurried out of the room.

Lucy—for it was Lucy Warner seated there—was now a resident in her uncle's house. Lucy closed the bureau drawers, and taking up her book resumed her seat. The book remained unopened; she leaned her head against the window; a deep, heavy sigh escaped; desolation seemed to pervade her spirit. Her heart was full of foreboding fears. She knew her proneness to be discouraged in her religious life; and now, that her mother was lost to her, she became conscious how much she had rested upon her prayers and spiritual advice. O how could she survive the blighting influences to which her religion would be subjected! She bent her head upon her hand and wept bitterly. "O my mother! my mother!" she murmured, "why were you taken from me, why—" She started; her mother's words flashed through her mind, "Try, my child, through grace, to refrain from the least thought that would reflect upon the goodness of your heavenly Father." The dying voice still thrilled in her ear—"Cling to the cross, dearest Lucy; cling, cling." She raised her head; her eye fell upon her little Bible—her mother's last gift. "Precious book!" exclaimed she; "yes, thou art my guide, my friend, my counselor." She was searching the sweet words of comfort when Clara appeared and commenced taking off her bonnet.

"What is the matter, are you not going?"

"No. I told Thomas to have the carriage at the door exactly at twelve o'clock. It is nearly one, and is now too late; besides it looks like rain. This is always the way—when I have set my heart upon any thing I am sure to be disappointed. I wish Thomas would obey orders a little more implicitly," she added, throwing her gloves, handkerchief, and fan together into a work-box. Lucy noticed the act, for she thought as likely as not Clara would have a hunt for one or more of them.

"Clara, you are always finding fault with Thomas," said Mrs. Spencer, who at the moment entered the room and heard her daughter's last

remark. "I am certain the carriage has been ready more than half an hour. I think you must have been the delinquent."

"To be sure I was detained a little hunting for my gloves, but that was no excuse for him. I hate to have my orders disregarded," returned Clara in an imperious tone.

"Well, well, dear, don't vex your temper with so trifling a matter; and do pray correct that expression you have a habit of saying, 'I hate.' Really you will look older than your mother in a few years, if you suffer yourself to be fretted by every little thing. See," continued Mrs. Spencer, casting a self-complaisant glance upon her handsome face, reflected from the opposite mirror, "see, I have not one real wrinkle on my face."

"Dear me, mamma, I can never be like you, and take every thing so easily. If a smooth skin depends upon amiability, I am sure to be a wrinkled up old maid. I don't feel amiably."

"That is just your trouble, Clara. If you would try and bear every thing patiently, and not permit yourself to get out of humor at every trifling circumstance that does not occur just when and in the manner you prefer, you would soon acquire an admirable equanimity of temper. This impatience of yours will perfectly ruin your countenance; and besides, Clara, it is so unlady-like to be ruffled or discomposed."

"O, I can not help how it looks, or how I look," returned the young lady in a half-vexed, half-laughing tone. "When I feel impatiently, I must speak so. I am agreeable enough at other times."

"Yes, but you can learn to control yourself."

"I am sure I should like to know how," said Clara with more earnestness of manner. "It is not so pleasant to be always in 'the frets,' as blind Billy says. But, then, I am certain," added she with an incredulous shake of the head, "I am certain it will never be by trying. You, mamma, are naturally amiable, and I am naturally unamiable, I suppose. Lucy, how do you contrive to be always so pleasant? You must belong to the naturally amiable ones."

"No, indeed," replied Lucy, speaking for the first time. "On the contrary I was very impatient and irritable when a child."

"And got over it or grew out of it by dint of trying," interrupted her cousin, laughing.

"Yes, cousin Clara, by dint of trying," replied Lucy; but the tone was serious; tears filled her eyes, and her lips quivered with emotion.

"There, you will believe now, Clara, what I have often told you!" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer, not observing Lucy's serious manner. "You can

bear any thing if you only have the will to try; every thing is in the will."

"But I have tried, mamma, again and again," persisted Clara, "but it is all in vain. If I feel impatience in my heart, it is always sure to burst forth sooner or later. Are you sure that nothing will ever cause you to evince anger, or impatience, or discontent? Come, I am going to watch you and Lucy, and see if I can detect some of my own characteristic petulance."

Mrs. Spencer smiled encouragingly, but Lucy sighed to herself as she thought of the fruitless effort Clara might make, trusting thus to the power of will to accomplish that which she knew, by experience, could only result from the grace of God overcoming the natural corruption of the heart.

It was true that Mrs. Spencer seldom or never exhibited an irritable spirit; but, as Clara had correctly observed, this arose from a naturally amiable disposition, and not from any real strength of mind to conquer difficulties. Indeed, as to difficulties, she had never encountered any. Reared in the midst of wealth, and never having been obliged to deny herself any gratification which wealth could procure, it was not wonderful that Time should have but lightly pressed her brow. But wealth can not lift its possessor above the faults and infirmities of others; neither can it exclude the petty vexations that occur in the life of all, whether the possessor of a palace or inhabitant of a hut. These petty annoyances Mrs. Spencer rather expected would occur, and she, therefore, thought to intrench herself in a kind of passive indifference, which, added to her really sweet disposition, strengthened, too, by a horror of wrinkles, which she considered the inseparable companion of ill-humor, enabled her to glide along through life with a placid brow and contented heart. It has been frequently observed that persons of very great amiability of disposition seldom possess much energy of character or warmth of affection. But Mrs. Spencer could not be thus judged. Her servants were trained with the utmost precision and punctilious regard to the requirements of refined life, and all the arrangements of her household betokened a just appreciation of the neat and elegant. She was sincerely attached to her husband, and her children knew full well a mother's heart flowed out to them in kind and tender sympathies. It was not, however, that highest kind of love, that will prompt the parent to watch with unremitting solicitude the development of mental and moral character, reprove, and even chasten with undeviating firmness, whenever, from a well-formed

judgment, self-controlled temper, and sanctified heart, such discipline is deemed necessary. On the contrary, Mrs. Spencer thought that if her children were well dressed, afforded the best advantages of education and society, always accompanied with an effort to keep them amused and preserved from all ill-temper, she had fully performed her duty and answered the responsibility of a parent. But her husband's views of family government, though as far removed as her own from any really noble conceptions of the destiny of the immortal spirit, were considerably more enlarged. He often censured the extreme indulgence which characterized the mother's treatment, and, indeed, prohibited some special things which he foresaw would result in indolent selfishness.

CHAPTER V.

"Jesus, support my orphan child and train her for thy glory." Two years had passed since this prayer escaped the lips of the departing mother, and thrilled the hearts of the little group that circled the dying couch. Two years! the heart still ached, the eye still gathered its moisture, the tones of that voice still betrayed a deep sorrow living in that young spirit, but the prayer, welling up from the depths of a pious heart, reached his ear and was answered. Lucy had learned to trust in the love and goodness of her God; to see his hand in every event; to believe with the heart and exemplify in her every-day life the promise, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Severe as was the trial of her faith in this bereavement, the same sweet resignation was always visible; and her deportment in her uncle's family was so uniformly kind and gentle as to win the esteem and affection of all, and they united in declaring that Lucy had become quite necessary to their happiness. Mr. Spencer often lauded the "wonderful fortitude" she possessed for one so young, but little dreamed he of the source from which she derived strength thus to bear up under her deep sorrow. Plans were occasionally formed in her mind for her own maintenance; but whenever she spoke of them to her uncle, or in his presence, they were not only discouraged, but actually vetoed.

"Lucy, child," said her uncle one day, after such an allusion had been made, "what nonsense does come into your young head sometimes! You do not act at all with your usual good sense. Would you deprive me of the pleasure of having my own sister's child under my roof as one of

my family? and tell me, what would your aunt do without you? You know she consults you about every thing. I tell you, Lucy," and the tone was not the cold, haughty tone of former years, but that of kindness and subdued feeling, "I tell you, you are master and mistress, too, here. When I propose any measure to Mrs. Spencer, I always get for an answer, 'Well, we will ask Lucy—see what Lucy thinks,' and it is Lucy here and Lucy there, and, indeed, Lucy, the unconscious Lucy, rules the whole of us. Here, Mary," continued Mr. Spencer, as his wife and daughter entered the room, "here, Lucy is at the old story, asking if we are not tired of her, and all such nonsense. Can not you say something to stop her from thus annoying us every little while?"

"Nonsense, indeed," replied Mrs. Spencer, smiling; "you know, Lucy, we can not live without you; so why do you talk so foolishly? But there is one thing, Mr. Spencer, that, in our good opinion of ourselves, we have altogether overlooked. Again and again have we assured Lucy that we could not possibly dispense with her—for, indeed, how could we?—but we have never thought of asking her, or even thinking, perhaps, that she could live without us. Are you tired of us, Lucy?"

"O no, no, dear aunt," replied the affectionate girl, while the tears filled her eyes, "I am happy—happy as I could be," and she glanced upon the deep mourning in which she was robed; "but I fear I am doing no good in the world, and to live—"

"No good!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, and Clara, simultaneously. "No good!" continued Mr. Spencer, "think of all the little ragged children you have picked up and clothed, and actually so overcome my prejudices, you would call them, I suppose, as to bring them *en masse* to my own library on Sundays to teach them—well, at least some of the decencies of life, if you do not accomplish all [and the lip was without its former curl] your ardent imagination desires and expects. And there—to say nothing of the good you do in various ways to your aunt, and Clara, and me, too—look, there is little Frank, who is climbing on your lap; why, you are to him nurse, and teacher, and friend, and playmate. Come," said he, assuming an ironical tone, "come, Franky, let us send Lucy away—naughty Lucy!"

"No, no, not naughty Luly; dood tousin Luly. I love tousin Luly," and the little fellow, in his zeal to evince his affection, almost smothered his cousin with his caresses. "Luly won't do way?" continued the child inquiringly, looking with a

distressed glance, first at his cousin and then to his parents. "Luly do way and leave Fanky? Fanky die."

"No, indeed, Franky," said Clara, "we'll not let 'tousin Luly' go away; so, Lucy, if you are not, as mamma says, really tired of us, don't distress us by forming any more of your wise plans. You know how hard I have been trying to be amiable, and I must have you here to encourage me. Papa, have you not observed how pleasant I am all—I mean a great deal—at any rate, some of the time?"

Clara blushed, as she felt that candor required her thus to modify her expression. Mr. Spencer laughed outright as he noticed the gradation of terms Clara employed. Mrs. Spencer smiled encouragingly; but Lucy, observing the mortified look spreading over Clara's countenance, put little Frank gently down, and throwing her arm around her cousin said, as if she had not heard her last remark, "Dear Clara, I feel your love and kindness, and my heart repays it in gratitude at least," and then turning round exclaimed in a fervent tone:

"My dear uncle and aunt, you forget not the orphan: O that you would remember the orphan's God! You lavish your affections upon one who is unworthy of that affection; one who does nothing for you: O that you would love Him who does all things! Happy, happy, happy would I be, could I be the humble instrument of drawing your attention, and if attention, your hearts' best tribute would be given to Him who hath purchased for you riches, and glory, and eternal life. Uncle, the religion of the cross guided my father through life, the religion of the cross sustained my mother, and, imperfectly as I have shown forth its power, the religion of the cross has enabled me to endure my orphanage, and even rejoice amid my sorrows. O, the cross! the cross! What power there to alleviate the sufferings of the human family, to lift them above circumstances, to open up communion even with the God of heaven and earth! The cross! the cross! Glory be to that Savior who died upon the cross to lift me—to lift you, my uncle—you, my aunt—you, my cousins—the world, from death to life, from poverty to riches, from ignominy to glory." Lucy paused; she had never before spoken so freely; she glanced timidly toward her aunt, but instead of reading indifference or displeasure, she beheld her gently wipe away the falling tear; but Mr. Spencer, without speaking, arose hastily and left the room. "He is offended," thought Lucy to herself; but quietly committing what she had said into the hands of God, whom she knew

would take care of his own cause, she silently and fervently offered up a petition in his behalf. Little Frank stood gazing into her face with childish wonder, but when she ceased speaking with one bound he sprang to her side; and as she returned his sweet endearments, he whispered in her ear, "Tousin Luly hug Fanky, but Luly don't love Fanky, if Luly do way; will tousin Luly do away?" he persisted with such a distressed countenance as to make Lucy and Clara exclaim simultaneously, "No, no, Franky dear, tousin Luly will stay as long as you want her." The child drew a long breath, as if relieved from some great weight, and again putting his plump little arms around his cousin's neck said, in a soft, gentle tone, "Now Fanky learn to be dood, and Fanky do to heaven."

From that day Lucy was more than ever a favorite. Well that the lessons of early discipline were hers; well that the prayers of a pious mother had ever been ascending in her behalf; well that that last prayer of faith was that she might be trained for God's glory, not her own; well that the Bible had been her most cherished and confidential friend; well that the mercy-seat was daily, ay, hourly, visited; well that the Holy Spirit reigned in that heart to purify and guide; well! else the day of prosperity had proved the day of dark adversity; else, when the destroying angel hovered over that dwelling, seeking its fairest treasure, coveting its brightest jewel, the heart had been weak in itself, the spirit had been unable to render consolation and wield the influence indispensable to undisciplined hearts and rebellious wills. It was but one week from that day little Frank lay tossing upon his couch, rolling his head from side to side, exclaiming in piteous accents, "O Luly, tousin Luly, my head so sick, my head so sick. Won't Luly make Fanky well? Fanky be dood if Luly make sick do way." Ah! those heart-rending words, that exquisitely imploring look! The parents stood by in speechless agony; the sister wept the affectionate but unavailing tears; but Lucy it was—*Lucy, the Christian*—who soothed the pain, watched the pulse, administered to his every want, and anticipated his every desire. Ah! Lucy, Lucy, thy faith now shines resplendent as when thy mother died. Now, in this season of thy recurring trial, when the nerves are taxed, the heart's sincere submission required, holy resignation demanded, thy faith, more bright and clear, seeks, obtains, lives upon the declaration of God's holy word. Four days passed, and still the little fellow moaned in pain. In his more easy moments, Lucy succeeded in diverting his mind by simple

stories of the Savior's love, and he would frequently exclaim, with childish delight beaming from his sweet countenance, "Fanky love Jesus, cause Jesus died to make Fanky dood. When Fanky die, Fanky do live with Jesus."

The shadows of evening were gradually veiling the room. Lucy was seated at the bedside. The door opened and some one advanced. "Hush; be very quiet; move gently," whispered she, "he has just fallen into a sweet sleep, from which we may hope every thing." It was Mrs. Spencer who approached, with swollen eyes and dejected look; for from the first hour of her boy's illness, her usual calmness had fled, leaving nothing upon which her soul could be staid. There was even at times a fretfulness betrayed, as she wandered around the house, uneasy and unhappy, and presenting a striking contrast to the suffering but chastened Lucy. Upon Mrs. Spencer's solicitation Lucy, who had not left her charge even for the refreshment of food or sleep, yielded her place; but, as if conscious of something wanting, the little fellow opened his eyes, and seeing her receding figure, spoke in a low tone, "Luly do way, Fanky die." The whisper reached her ear, and returning to his couch Lucy gently assured him of her presence. As he recognized her voice, he feebly placed his little hand within hers, and looking up into her face said, as plainly as words could have done, "Don't leave your little Fanky." The hand was cold, and as Lucy gazed into that upturned eye, O what a change had been wrought! It was sparkling with unwonted brilliancy. The little form lay perfectly quiet, freed, apparently, from all suffering; and as Lucy, with a thrill of anguish darting through her very soul, bent over to scrutinize him more closely, the truth flashed upon her, it was the ease preceding death. Suppressing, with a strenuous effort, the exclamation that rose to her lips, she whispered to her aunt to watch him closely, and then quickly rung the bell. As the father and sister hurried to the bed the little fellow gently unclosed his eyes, and, pointing to the ceiling, exclaimed, "Up there, up there, I want to do up there! Dood by," and kissed his little hand in token of separation. They looked—they looked again—he had gone "up there."

"Jesus, support my orphan child and train her for thy glory!" Two years had passed, in which this prayer had been signally answered through the silent influence Lucy's Christian character had exerted in her uncle's family. Four years sped into eternity, and the pious petition still lived in its fruits. The family mansion, with its elegance, was no longer in the possession of Mr. Spe-

cer. Through various losses by derangements in the commercial world, his property was first mortgaged, then sold to relieve his pecuniary embarrassments, till, at length, his own loved home passed into the possession of strangers. Within view of its lawns and its trees, its fruits and its flowers; within view, too, of the lake, whose tiny waves still danced and sparkled to the morning sun; ay, within sight of the cherished spot where slept their little boy, a small but comfortable house became the home of the reduced family. But while the elements were in action that wrought out this great change in the temporal circumstances of the Spencer family, other agencies, more secret but none the less certain, were producing a moral revolution in the character of its members, connected not with time only, but whose results reached into the far future, ay, even into the great *forever*. Whither now was the restless mind of Clara roaming? The amiable and gentle aunt—was the brow still placid and the heart unruffled? Ah! as the strings of an instrument, when stretched beyond the power of their tension, quiver and snap asunder, so Mrs. Spencer's nerves, weakened by the loss of her favorite child, and the subsequent reverses that crowded upon her family, became exhausted by their own intense action. For months she lay upon her couch in almost an unconscious existence; but before the silver chord was finally loosened, her voice, in feeble accents, proclaimed a Savior's love, the superiority of grace over nature, and acknowledged there was in Lucy's modest and unaffected piety, an element to which she had always been a stranger. And that haughty uncle, before whose "stern, dark eyes" the young and timid Christian had once shrunk abashed—did the brow contract and the lip curl in scorn as he passed her room one evening and heard her voice in prayer? The tone was fervent—the spirit was evidently struggling to grasp the immutable. Faith was gaining the victory, and in a voice thrillingly distinct she ended, "Holy Spirit, for the sake of Jesus, who died for his salvation, convince my dear uncle of the truth of thy holy religion. O thou wilt! thou wilt!" she repeated again and again, her faith still strengthening with each repetition. The words caught his ear; he paused; a change passed over his features. Like a gleam of sunshine darting to the bosom of a dark cloud flying over its surface the radiance of light and beauty, even such was the change. The door was opened, and the skeptic bowed at Lucy's side; he bowed before Lucy's God and acknowledged himself a sinner.

And Clara—the impulsive, wayward Clara—

has she still no object, no aim in life? At the family altar, morning and evening, a trio unite in supplications. The Bible-class, that has been dispersed for the want of a teacher, is reassembled. The poor have found a new friend—the sick a gracious comforter; and as the father and daughter sit together and contrast their present life with their former experience, they speak with notes of praise and thanksgiving of the joys of salvation, brought into their hearts by Lucy Warner's Christian influence.

Need I make any moral from my narrative? Need I say that religion in the heart is the great soother and tranquilizer of this life's troubled scenes? The matter is with the reader, and he must decide whether he has an influence, as a Christian, to do good in the world.

PASSING AWAY.

BY W. OSCAR PIERCE.

As onward ages roll

To endless day,

'Tis graven on the soul—

"Passing away."

As swells the dew-drop bright,

From night's cold ray;

So in the sunbeam's light—

"Passing away."

Down in the ocean's deep,

Where treasures lay;

Waves o'er its bosom creep—

"Passing away."

Around morn's star-lit brow

Soft breezes play,

With kisses blush its glow—

"Passing away."

Or sweep from nature's lyre

Her own wild lay—

Each fainter strain expire—

"Passing away."

Death calls the fairer flowers,

Blown in life's day—

Fast fly the fleeting hours—

"Passing away."

All, from the skies that glow

Each glimmering ray,

To earth with beauty's blow—

"Passing away."

Man's joy and happiness given,

Touched with decay—

All, all, this side of heaven—

"Passing away."

In hope, then, spread the sod

O'er mortal clay,

And rest thy soul on God—

"Passing away."

REASON AND INSTINCT.

LORD MONBODDO maintained that man is only an improvement on the monkey, occurring as a result from the general tendency to advancement claimed to exist in nature. He seemed to think that man bore a relation to the monkey somewhat like that which the frog bears to the tadpole, and that as the tadpole becomes the frog, so the race of man was produced by a change at some remote period of the creation, of the monkey into a man. This ridiculous notion of the erudite but fanciful Scotch philosopher is really but another phase of the more recent theory of gradation, or development, as it is sometimes called, which in different forms is now advocated by so many European philosophers. And, although few, comparatively, adopt this theory definitely and fully, there is quite a disposition among many to obliterate the distinctions by which the Creator has in so marked a manner separated man from the inferior animals. It is well, therefore, that we should have a clear idea of these distinctions.

It is often very loosely said that while man is governed by reason, instinct rules in the animal. If it be meant by this that, as a general rule, reason predominates in man, while instinct does so in animals, the statement is a correct one. But if it be meant that animals are wholly governed by instinct, and that man is distinguished from them as a reasoning animal, it is not correct. For some animals do reason; that is, if making inferences be considered as reasoning. In tracing out the differences between man and animals, I shall not attempt to show what the nature of instinct is. This is a great mystery, and all attempts to solve it have utterly failed. I shall content myself, therefore, with pointing out some of the differences between instinct and reason. In doing this it is not always easy to say just where the one begins and the other ends, so intimately are their phenomena often mingled together.

The actions of instinct are more unaccountable than those of reason. In the operations of reason we see something of the processes by which results are reached. But it is not so with instinct. For example, as a man travels over an unexplored country, we can understand by what means he obtains a knowledge of the country, in order to guide him on his journey. The processes of his reasoning in regard to this we can comprehend. But when an insect travels with unerring certainty to its place of destination without any guide marks that we can see, or when a swarm of bees or a flock of birds wing their flight to distant

places, or when bees construct their honey-comb with the exactness of mathematics in obedience to the best principles for such a structure, we can not understand the processes which lead to the result. It seems to be produced by an impulse from a cause extraneous to the animal, guiding it as if it were a mere machine. The little intelligence of the animal seems to have only an incidental connection with this impulse. It, therefore, merely controls somewhat the circumstances under which the instinct acts.

I will introduce here an illustration, a little incident recorded in my note-book many years ago. The account of it runs thus: I was much entertained to-day in watching the movements of a very small winged insect—about one-third of the size of a common fly. He was dragging a dead spider across the road. Every now and then he would drop his load, and run forward a little, springing about here and there, and then would go back and take up his load again. His movements in this way were so quick and apparently so irregular, that they seemed to be without an object. But I observed, that although he thus ran about here and there, his course in its general bearing was a very straight one. Soon a wagon passed along directly over where the insect was, separating him from his load, and disturbing the whole surface of the ground. He, however, soon found his load, and then with a good deal of apparent reconnoitering he went on again in the same general course. In the latter part of his journey he traveled over and amidst a heap of stones. Here he would occasionally leave the spider and disappear, and then return again to take his load. Again a little farther on I would see him emerge from his concealed pathway, and so on to the end of his journey. His place of destination was a hole in the sand beneath a flat stone. Now, how did this insect in his journey to his home—which to him was a long one, though only three rods—manage to keep so straight a course? Was it in the same way that men manage in their journeys, guided by way-marks, and by information obtained from others? Following out this idea, suppose then a man to be at the same distance from his home in *proportion to his size* that the insect was from his home. According to this supposition he must be over three thousand miles from home. Suppose the direct line to his home lay across an uninhabited country, so that he can get no information from others. This makes his case parallel with the insect's, for we saw him meet no other insects on the road. Now, if he knew the exact direction in which his home lay, he could not, without his

compass, move with any precision toward it. And if he had wandered away from it without a compass, as the insect did from his home, how would he know in what direction it lay? And yet the insect traveled toward his home as if he preserved exactly amid all his wanderings the points of the compass. The surface over which he went was very irregular. He had to cross or wind around eminences, which were to him as large as hills and mountains are to man, and yet he was not embarrassed; and when he went among the stones he had more and greater difficulties to encounter than man meets with in passing through the wildest countries. Again: suppose that the traveling man should meet with some whirlwind or some convulsion of nature, which should separate him from his burden, and disarrange, in some measure, the face of the country about him, just as the traveling insect was served by the commotion of the horse's feet and the wheels of the wagon. Would he find his load as easily as the insect did, and go on his way with as little hesitation?

So little has the intelligence to do with the instinct, and so nearly mechanical therefore are the actions of the latter, that they are governed by an invariable rule. It is as invariable almost as are the movements of a machine. For this reason there are no improvements or alterations in the acts of instinct. The bird and the bee, for instance, have no change of fashion in their architecture from age to age. The honey that fed John the Baptist, or that which was found by Samson in the carcass of the lion, was deposited in the same hexagonal cells which are constructed by the bees of the present day. And each bird builds its nest precisely in the same way that its ancestral birds have ever done.

Instinct moves straight on to its result, and it does so blindly. It exercises no intelligence in regard to the purpose for which the result is intended, or the circumstances which tend to defeat this purpose. It evidently, in some cases, never knows any thing of the purpose aimed at by its acts, as, for example, when an animal makes provisions for a progeny which it is never to see. "It is scarcely possible," says Carpenter, "to point to any actions better fitted to give an idea of the nature of instinct, than those which are performed by various insects, when they deposit their eggs. These animals will never behold their progeny; and can not acquire any notion from experience, therefore, of that which their eggs will produce; nevertheless they have the remarkable habit of placing, in the neighborhood of each of these bodies, a supply of aliment fitted for the nourish-

ment of the larva that is to proceed from it; and this they do, even when they are themselves living on food of an entirely different nature, such as would not be adapted for the larva. They can not be guided in such actions by any thing like *reason*; for the data on which alone they could reason correctly, are wanting to them; so that they would be led to conclusions altogether erroneous if they were not prompted, by an unerring *instinct*, to adopt the means best adapted for the attainment of the required end."

Instinct is a strict routinist, while reason readily accommodates itself to endlessly varying circumstances. In illustration of the above characteristic of instinct, I will cite a few examples. The hen will sit on pieces of chalk shaped like eggs, as readily as she will on the eggs themselves. Her instinct is so blind as to be deceived by this general resemblance. The flesh-fly often lays its eggs in the carrion-flower, the odor of which is so much like that of tainted meat as to deceive the insect.

The care which animals exercise in relation to their progeny seems to be governed to a great extent, perhaps wholly, by a blind instinct. All care is given up when care is no longer needed, and with it what appears to be affection is given up also. In animals there is no such lasting affection of the parent for the progeny as there is in man; for in them it is merely instinctive, and not rational and moral in its character, and it, therefore, lasts only so long as it is needed to carry out the purposes for which this particular instinct is designed. Indeed, in some cases there can be no affection in all the care which is instinctively exercised by the parent, for it is put forth for progeny which the animal is destined never to see. And in those cases among animals in which the family state exists, it is a mere temporary affair, and as soon as the offspring is able to take care of itself it is no more to the parent than any other animal of the same tribe is.

But some animals have intelligence as well as instinct. When this intelligence is shown in the mere power of imitation it is of a low order. The parrot that learns to imitate man in speech is nothing like as intelligent as some animals that have no such power. Some animals have really a *reasoning* intelligence—that is, they make rational inferences. Their reasoning is sometimes, as before remarked, so mingled with the operations of instinct, that it is difficult to distinguish them accurately. In the case of the beaver who labored so faithfully in obedience to a blind instinct, there was some exercise of reason, as, for example, when he "judged" his work. But it

is difficult to point out definitely the line between instinct and reason in such a case. There are some animals, however, in whom the workings of a reasoning intelligence are to be seen with perfect distinctness. But their reasoning differs from that of man. The inferences which the reasoning animal makes are individual; while man goes beyond this, and makes general inferences, and, therefore, discovers general truths. Newton's dog, Diamond, saw apples fall to the ground, as well as his master. And he was capable of making some inferences in regard to them; but they were individual inferences. For example, if an apple-tree were shaken, and the dog were hit by a falling apple, whenever he saw other apples falling he would infer that he might be hit again, and would infer also that it was best for him to get out of harm's way. This would be the extent of his reasonings. But his master inquired into the cause of the fall of the apple, and by considering this and other similar phenomena, he deduced general principles, which govern the movements both of the atoms, and the worlds of the universe.

The inferences which are formed by animals are mere results of the association of ideas, and the process, therefore, really hardly merits the appellation of reasoning. Thus, in the case of Newton's dog, supposed above, the idea of the falling apples was associated in his mind with the hurt experienced when he was hit, and prompted the getting out of harm's way. When such associations are extended and complicated, it appears at first thought as if the animal acted in view of general truths, arrived at by the same process of reasoning that man employs. But it is a mere extension of mental associations. Thus, Newton's dog probably associated the idea of being hit and hurt with other falling bodies beside apples. And so, too, various circumstances might come to be associated with the falling of bodies, and thus complicate the mental process which occurred when he saw any object falling near him.

To show somewhat the extent to which this mental association operates in the brute mind, I will allude to some examples. A wren built its nest in a slate quarry, where it was liable to great disturbance from the blastings. It soon, however, learned to quit its nest, and fly off to a little distance, whenever the bell rang to warn the workmen previous to a blast. As this was noticed, the bell was sometimes rung when there was to be no blast, for the sake of the amusement in seeing the poor bird fly away when there was no need of alarm. At length, however, it ceased

to be deceived in this way, and when it heard the bell ring it looked out to see if the workmen started, and if they did then it would leave its nest. In this case the bird merely learned to connect in its mental associations two circumstances with the blasting, instead of the one from which it at first took the warning. The operation of this mental association is shown in a little different manner in the following case. Some horses in a field were supplied with water in a trough which was occasionally filled from a pump. As the supply was not always sufficient, one of the horses, more sagacious than the rest, whenever he, on going to drink, found the trough empty, pumped the water into it by taking hold of the pump-handle with his teeth, and moving his head up and down. The other horses seeing this, would, whenever they came to the trough and found it empty, tease the one that knew how to pump, by biting and kicking him, till he would fill the trough for them. In this case the horse that did the pumping associated in his mind the motion of the pump-handle, as he had seen it done by his master, with the supply of water. And while they associated this supply with his pumping, he knew what their teasing him meant, because he associated it with their motions about the trough, indicating so plainly that what they wanted was water. But I will give a still stronger case. A dog belonging to a Frenchman was observed to go every Saturday, precisely at two o'clock, from his residence at Locoyarne to Hennebon, a distance of about three-quarters of a league. It was found that he went to a butcher's, and for the purpose of getting a feast of tripe which he could always have at that hour on Saturday, their day of killing. It is also related of this dog, that at family prayers he was always very quiet, till the last *pater-noster* was commenced, and then he would uniformly get up and take his station near the door, in order to make his exit immediately on its being opened. The narrator of these facts thinks that the first fact shows, that the dog could measure time and count the days of the week. But this can not be so. The dog undoubtedly associated in his mind the time at which he could get the tripe, with something that occurred on Saturday at that hour at his master's house, just as he associated the concluding of family prayers with something that occurred as the last *pater-noster* was read, perhaps with some peculiarity in the manner of his master when he came to that part of the service.

Animals learn the relation between cause and effect by this mental association, and act upon the experience thus gained. This is manifest in

the examples I have cited. And it may be observed in many acts that we witness occasionally in the higher animals. Thus, for example, as my horse was cropping some grass, he took hold of some that was so stout, and yet so loosely set in the ground, that he pulled it up by the roots, and, as the dirt which was on it troubled him, he very deliberately knocked it across the bar of a fence till he got all the dirt out, and then went on to eat it. Here was a knowledge of cause and effect which was derived from previous experience through mental association. You see the same thing when you see a cat jump up and open the latch of a door, or a horse unbolt the stable door to get out to his pasture. But in all such cases the knowledge of cause and effect differs from the same knowledge in man in one important particular. In the animal it is always an individual knowledge; that is, a knowledge of individual facts; while in man it is often a knowledge which has relation to general truths or principles.

From the facts stated in the last few paragraphs it is clear, that Carpenter is not correct in saying, that "the mind of man differs from that of the lower animals, rather as to the degree in which the reasoning faculties are developed in him, than by any thing peculiar in their kind." While there is much in common between them in their modes of mental action, especially if man be compared with other animals in the period of his infancy and childhood, there is, as you have seen, one attribute of the human mind which is wholly peculiar to it, and never exists in any degree in any other animal. And this attribute, the power of abstract reasoning, or, in other words, the power of deducing general truths or laws from collections of individual facts, constitutes the great superiority of the human mind, in distinction from the mind of the brute.

It is this attribute which is the source of language in man. This can be readily seen by observing what is the nature of language. It is a collection of corresponding vocal and written signs of an arbitrary character, arranged according to certain general rules or principles. Other animals do have a kind of language of a very limited character. It is the language of natural signs. It is composed of cries and motions, which vary in different tribes of animals, so that each tribe may be said to have its own natural language. But animals never invent and agree upon any arbitrary signs, as is done continually by mankind in the construction and extension of language. This they can not do, because abstract reasoning is required for such an invention.

General principles are observed in the construction and arrangement of arbitrary signs, and, as I have shown, brutes know nothing of principles.

This attribute also is the source of man's belief in a Creator. If he had not the power of deducing general truths from individual facts, he could neither discover the truth that there is a first great Cause, nor appreciate or even receive it, if it were communicated to him. Not the faintest shade of such an idea can be communicated to any of the inferior animals, however high their mental manifestations may be, and simply because the structure of their mind is such that they know nothing of general principles.

Man differs from other animals also in having a conscience, or a knowledge between right and wrong, and a sense of obligation in relation to it. This moral sense is supposed by some to be a mere result of the exercise of the power of abstract reasoning. But others suppose that the sense is implanted as a distinct quality or power, and that the office of the reasoning power in relation to it is to bring the evidence before it for its decision. I shall not discuss this point, but will merely remark in regard to this subject, that there is no doubt as to the existence of such a sense in man. Some attempt to throw doubt over it by pointing to its perversions, maintaining that it is a mere creature of circumstances, varying almost endlessly in different parts of the world. But it would be just as rational to attempt to show, that there is no such thing as a sense of the beautiful in man, by appealing to the evidences of perversions of taste, which ignorance, bad education, and foolish and novelty-loving fashion have induced.

In those cases in animals in which this moral sense has been supposed to exist, it is nothing but slavish fear. It has been said by some one that man is the god of the dog; but it is sacred trifling to compare the attachment of an animal to its master and its fear of his displeasure, with the intelligent regard of man for his Creator as a holy and benevolent being. We ordinarily recognize the distinction between man and animals, as to the existence of a conscience, in the language we use. We never attach the idea of moral character to the acts of an animal except by the force of association, and then only slightly and loosely. We are not apt to speak of *punishing* a dog, for this word implies a moral fault as the occasion of the infliction. We *whip* him, sometimes, simply to associate in his mind the smart with the act done, so as to prevent him from doing it again, and sometimes to vent our ill feeling for the harm done us on the poor dog that has so innocently

done it. It is related of Sir Isaac Newton that he had a favorite little dog called Diamond, who, being left in his study, overset a candle among his papers, and thus burnt up the almost finished labors of many years, and yet the philosopher only said, "O Diamond! Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." Newton was both a wise and a good man, and while he saw that whipping the dog would do no good in preventing any similar accident in future, he had no ill feeling to vent on poor Diamond, who certainly had a better and more rational master than most dogs have.

The mental distinction between man and animals may be thus summed up. The animal is governed by instinct, and in the higher orders by a kind of reasoning which is based upon mental association. Man has, in addition to instinct and this lower order of reasoning, the power of abstract reasoning. In the lower orders of animals probably instinct rules alone.

Instinct, you have seen, can not be improved by education. It always acts in the same way throughout the life of an animal, and through the succeeding generations of the tribe. It has no accumulated experience, either individual or traditional. But it is otherwise with the two kinds of reasoning power. These can be educated, and they have an experience. But here there is a marked difference between the two kinds of reasoning. The lower kind of reasoning, that of mere association, which is the only kind possessed by animals, is altogether individual, and is not at all traditional. However wise an animal may become, there is no transmission of his wisdom to his posterity. No animal can start from a point of knowledge gained by his ancestor, as a vantage-ground, and thus make greater advances than his predecessors. Each animal, in acquiring experience as to the relations of cause and effect, has to begin at the beginning, and learn every thing for himself. The higher form of reasoning, that which man alone possesses, is absolutely essential to the transmission of experience from one generation to another. It is necessary to the transmission even of that experience which is gathered by the other power of reasoning, as well as that which is gathered by itself. The amount of improvement which can be effected where there is only the lower kind of reasoning to act upon, is very wonderful in the case of some of the docile animals. The dog, the elephant, the monkey, etc., are familiar examples. By the skillful and persevering use of mental association in the training of animals, results can be obtained, that resemble very closely

those which come from man's power of abstract reasoning. And in some cases the animal accumulates quite a large individual experience. But his race is none the wiser for it. It is none of it transmitted to another generation.

We see then the basis of improvement in man. It is not his power of making inferences merely. The brutes do this. It is his power of making general inferences, or, in other words, deducing general laws or principles from individual facts. And as this power distinguishes man from the inferior animals, so a superior degree of it ordinarily constitutes the intellectual superiority of one man to another. This is seen very readily in inventions and discoveries.

When this characteristic power of the mind of man is fully developed, its achievements are often so wonderful, that they give us some realization of the great truth, that man is created in the image of God. As we witness the demonstration of such facts as Newton discovered, or the unerring calculations of an eclipse, or listen to a perfect argument as it develops grand truths, and leads us with a majesty of thought almost divine, straight on to mighty conclusions, we take in the full meaning of the assertion, that "the soul is that side of our nature which is in relation with the Infinite," and we see the folly of those dreamers in science, that look upon man as making merely the highest order in the animal kingdom. We see that the chasm between him and other animals is truly "impassable." We see that we are in a mental region of which the most intelligent of them know nothing—that though they live like us, having the same senses, seeing the same beautiful things, and hearing the same voices of nature, and like us have thoughts, and emotions, and desires, they are shut out from an upper region of thought and feeling in which we freely roam, and from which we look with aspirations unknown to them to another world beyond.

CROWNS OF REJOICING.

SWEET and wholesome thoughts are suggested by the affectionate and endearing appellations which the apostle Paul applies to Christians: "My brethren, dearly beloved and longed for; my joy and crown; my dearly beloved." "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming? for ye are our glory and joy." What tenderness, what love, what confidence, what deference, too, are breathed from his very heart in these expressions!

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.*

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

WEARILY the mother's eyelids
For a moment closed,
While the little one beside her
Peacefully reposed.
And, as from her heart was lifted
All its weight of care,
Came there to her soul a vision
Beautifully fair.
Noiselessly a form descended
Clothed in snowy white,
From whose pinions seem suspended
Beams of golden light.
And a glorious, shining pathway
Marked the way it came,
Till it hovered o'er her darling,
Whispering its name.
Then it sang a sweet, low anthem,
Learned in realms of dry,
Till it charmed the guileless spirit
From its house of clay.
And it clasped the part immortal
Fondly to its breast,
Leaving nothing, save the casket,
On its couch to rest.
Wildly throbbed the dreamer's bosom,
As her cheek was fanned
By light pinions, gliding upward
To the spirit-land.
Then the yearning love within her
Oped her tear-dewed eyes,
And she found the jewel lent her
Gathered to the skies.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY E. N. POWERS.

I SAW a blue-eyed, artless child,
Beneath a snow-wreath trace his name.
The sun was on his cheek—he smiled,
And thought 'twould gild his words the same;
But though the beamy kiss was dear,
Each letter faded with a tear.
I saw a sage, all worn and gray,
Scanning the starry scroll of fame;
And as his life-pulse ebbed away,
He read in living light his name;
But Hate's dark froth dashed out the glow—
He perished with no name below.
I saw Affection's gentle hand
Upon a heart engrave its name;
Sweet Memory's dew the words embalmed,
And Hope beamed on it with its flame.
Two angels watched it as their prize;
Time sped—they bore it to the skies.

* See engraving in December number of the Ladies' Repository.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"WON'T John be surprised, though! and to think I earned it all myself, too! It'll strike his eye the first moment he comes in, for I shall have it stand right there under the looking-glass," and little Mrs. Strong rested the handle of her tin dipper on the edge of a large earthen bowl, half filled with rich pumpkin liquid, and glanced toward an opposite door which led into a small front parlor. You would have known at once that the thoughts of the little woman were very pleasant ones by the happy twinkling of her blue eyes, and the smiles that every now and then revealed the two dimples hidden just above the curving of her fair, smooth cheek.

It was a bright morning on the hither side of November, and the sunshine looked with a real June smile into the pleasant little kitchen, and wrote golden ballads on the striped carpeting, and laid its bright stereotyping upon the newly white-washed walls; but after all, the little woman by the table, with her checked apron and happy, beaming face, was the sweetest picture there. "I 'spose all the neighbors will stare dreadfully when they see it," continued Mrs. Strong, as she deposited the contents of her ladle in the heart of a rich pie-crust, "but I'm sure they can't say that I'm extravagant, as I earned the whole sofy with my own hands, taking in those plain shirts from Williams. I always thought the parlor looked dreadfully bare, too, with nothing but the table and the chairs, and those pictures over the mantle. I must hurry along with this baking to ride over to town with farmer Williams, and engage them to send it over to-morrow. How cheap it was—with that carving on top, too! It was as much as I could do to keep from telling John what I'd set about doing when he was here in September; but I'm so glad now I contrived to hold my tongue. Bless me, there's baby waking up in just the wrong time, too!" The low cry of the half-awakened child put all Mrs. Strong's dreams to flight, as she hurried into the bedroom.

They were poor people—the Strong's. You must have guessed that already, reader; but the sunshine looked into many a gorgeous parlor, and lay in rosy flakes about the crimson drapery of many a palace home, and found less of real happiness and heart-light than dwelt behind the chintz curtains of John Strong's cottage, in the suburbs of the little village in L——.

He was a journeyman carpenter, it is true; and his wages were low, and his employment often called him, for months, from his young wife, and the sweet child that of late had come to gladden his home; but their memories always lay like dew and sunshine about his strong, honest heart, and nerving it for its daily toil, and gathering round his pillow sweet home dreams, which many a rich man might have envied.

John had been absent from home since the late summer, and the days were now hanging on the skirts of winter. No wonder the wife's heart quickened at the thought of his return.

"There, I've got just tart enough left for another pie," said Mrs. Strong—it was a strange habit she had of talking to herself—as she scoloped with her thumb and forefinger the rim of her last pie. "I'm sure I don't know what to do with it. We've got enough to last a whole week after thanksgiving, and—dear me, why didn't I think of it before?" continued the amiable little woman, as she achieved the first crust circle, "I'll fix it as nice as I know how, and give it to that little boy across the street. Poor little fellow! I don't b'lieve he or his mother have had any thanksgiving, for I've a notion they're terrible poor. She looks like a real lady when I've seen her in the garden, and her large eyes and pale, mournful features always make my heart ache, though somehow I never yet could find courage to speak to her. The boy shall have the pie though, that's certain. I'll call him across the street and give it to him, may be 'twill open the way to make acquaintance."

"Little boy, little boy, just come across the road here, I've got something for you."

The child was standing in the front door of the old brown building, and the November wind was sifting through the long golden curls that dropped like a bright cloud about his fair child-face, as he looked wistfully up and down the road, when Mrs. Strong's voice arrested him.

She was leaning over the little white gate, and there was something in her face that would have brought almost any child to her side. The boy did not wait for a second invitation.

"Come in, just a minute," said Mrs. Strong, in her kind, motherly way, as she took his hand and led him into the kitchen, "here's a nice thanksgiving tart pie I've been making for you to-day. Don't you love pie, little man?"

A sudden light gathered into the brown eyes of the child. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "I love it, and so does mother, too."

"Does she? Well, I think it's quite too bad we haven't been more neighborly since you came

here. My name's Mrs. Strong; now, what's yours?"

"My name's Willie Gregory, ma'am," replied the child, with his eyes fastened on the pie.

"And your mother and you live all alone across the road, don't you?" queried Mrs. Strong, as she parted away the golden curls from the fair, broad forehead.

"Yes, ma'am, we've lived alone since papa died; it was a long time ago, and mother hasn't hardly smiled since." The little fellow's lip quivered, his eyes grew moist, and the tears hung like twin dew-drops on his long brown lashes.

"Dear me, haven't you any father? Poor child!" Mrs. Strong spoke with a choking in her throat and a quick glance toward the cradle in the corner.

"I like you," said the child, drawing up closer to the little woman, and resting his hand in hers. "I shall tell mother so, and when she gets well I'll ask her to come over and see you. You see she's sick now, and we didn't have any dinner to-day. I don't know what we shall do, for mamma says she hasn't any money, and can't get to grandpa. He lives a long ways off, you see."

Mrs. Strong did not speak another word; she rose up quickly and went into the pantry—a moment later she returned, carrying in one hand a large bowl of bread and milk, in the other a plate of cake.

"Now, Willie, sit right down here," she said, placing a chair by the table, "and eat till you can't eat another mouthful. Haven't had any dinner—poor child! poor child!"

It was a pleasant scene that the dying day-beams looked in to see that beautiful boy, as he turned from the table to Mrs. Strong's face and said, while the large spoon was poised awkwardly in his little red fingers, "O, ma'am, it tastes good, so good, and I was so hungry."

"Well, then, Willie, don't stop to talk about it, only eat—eat just as long as you can," Mrs. Strong answered, with tears of genuine womanly sympathy glistening and sparkling in their travel down her cheeks.

"Mamma will be so frightened if I stay any longer," said Willie at last, laying down the spoon, for he had obeyed to the letter Mrs. Strong's repeated injunctions. "Please, ma'am, can't I go now, and take the pie, too?"

"Yes; and, Willie, I want you to tell your mother that I'm coming over to see her this evening."

A low, soft voice answered to Mrs. Strong's knock. She opened the door and went in. No

wonder she started at the story of utter destitution the opening of that door revealed.

A tallow candle was burning on the table, and the light flowed over the pale brow of the woman who lay on the bed in one corner.

"Your boy said you were ill, Mrs. Gregory," said Mrs. Strong, advancing to the bedside, "and I thought I would just run over and see if there was any thing I could do for you."

"You are very kind, ma'am, and—" the words were broken by a quick sob, the woman placed her hand over her eyes, and the tears trickled fast as April drops through her small slender fingers. "It is very foolish in me to give way in this manner," at last murmured the invalid, recovering herself, and giving her hand to Mrs. Strong, but it is so long since I have heard any words of sympathy that your kindness makes quite a child of me."

Her lady-like manner was so strangely in contrast with her meager surroundings, that the quick, tender little heart of Mrs. Strong was more touched than ever. "If you were only able to walk over to my house," she said, "I could fix you very comfortably; but as you can't do that, I must make up a fire here and bring you over a cup of tea; we can talk afterward, you know," she added, anticipating the thanks of the invalid; for Mrs. Strong's benevolence always partook more largely of a practical than a theoretical character.

A little later, when a bright wood fire was lifting its columns of ruddy flame up the black mouth of the chimney, and dropping its crimson glow on the bare walls of the uncarpeted floor, Mrs. Gregory sat up on her low couch, and, with her hand fastened in Mrs. Strong's, she told briefly the story which never before had crossed her lips.

Her father was a wealthy widower, and she had been the very "light of his eyes." Her feet came up through life's brightest sunshine to her nineteenth summer, and then a very dark shadow dropped over the sunshine. Mrs. Gregory's father was desirous she should wed a friend of his—a millionaire—and a man thirty years her senior. The young, fresh heart of the girl of nineteen shrank with terror from a union so wholly antagonistic to her tastes and feelings. For the first time her father spoke harshly to her: "Ellen, it is useless to rebel against my authority. I have sworn that you shall be his wife."

And that night Ellen went out from her father's home and returned to it the wife of her distant cousin, William Gregory, and the doors were closed against her.

The newly-made husband took his young wife to a southern city. He was poor, and she had brought him none of her father's vast wealth; but he obtained a lucrative situation in a large mercantile house, and Ellen Gregory forgot her early home in the quiet bliss of the six years of her wedded life. Then all its light went out very suddenly. In less than a week her husband sickened and died of fever, and his young, tenderly reared wife was left with her child without pecuniary resources in a land of strangers.

After the burial of her husband Mrs. Gregory resolved to return to her father, of whom she had heard nothing for several years.

A violent fever, induced by mental agony, brought her to the brink of the grave before she had completed her journey. She partially recovered, to find that her small stock of money would hardly defray the expense of her long illness. In the excitement of the moment she resolved to achieve the remainder of the journey on foot, and had accomplished about twenty miles. Her course had lain through L——. Physically and mentally exhausted, she learned, at the tavern where she stopped, that there was an old brown house in the suburbs to rent. She had secured two rooms of this, and for the last six weeks had managed to procure herself and her boy a precarious subsistence by the sale of her clothing.

"I have written my father several letters," was the conclusion of the sad history, "but they have been returned to me unopened, and yet I know," and the invalid lifted her head from the pillow, while the light kindled like a flame in her dark eyes, and the hectic burned in the hollow of either cheek, bright as a Damascus rose, "I know if I could see him—if I could go in suddenly, pale and dying, with my child by my side—if I should put out my arms and cry, 'Father, it is your Ellen—the Ellen that sat every night by your side, and was held every morning to your heart, and she has come back to you with her child; do not send her away, for she has come back only to die; I know that he would open his arms and say, with all his old tenderness, 'Ellen, my darling,' and when I rushed into them his tears would drop as fast as his kisses used to on the forehead of his child. His heart is proud and self-willed, but I know it well; there is a fountain there very far down, whose waters will never dry up—it is his love for his child."

"And how much would it cost for you to reach him?" asked Mrs. Strong, with a fresh shower of tears, as the beautiful invalid sank exhausted on the pillow.

"Just thirty dollars, and I can not raise one of it. O, it is not for myself that I care, but for him! In a little while he will be motherless." She pointed to the golden head that lay close to her heart, and Mrs. Strong felt that her prophecy was a true one, as she looked on those glassy eyes, on the sharp features, and the hectic hollow in either cheek; for she knew it was the mournful chirography of consumption.

* * * * *

"Thirty dollars! how I wish I had it! how gladly I would give it to her!" soliloquized little Mrs. Strong the next morning, as she drew the white coverlet over her slumbering babe and printed a light kiss on the sweet cheek, fair as a half-ripened peach blossom, as it broke over the snowy pillow.

Suddenly the mother started, and caught her breath at the thought that had flashed into her mind. In one corner of the little cupboard over the mantle-piece was a broken tea-urn, and in that broken tea-urn, carefully wrapped up in brown paper, were the thirty dollars she had been so long and diligently earning—the thirty dollars she had consecrated to her new sofa. The little woman rose up and walked the room in a hurried, perplexed manner; her cheek was flushed, and her brow was plaited, and the blue eyes of the angels looked down into her heart as she walked round the kitchen. "I've thought so much about that sofy," she murmured to herself; "I've dreamed about it at night, till it really seemed as if I'd got it, set up snugly in the parlor, and now it will be so hard to give it up," and the tears sparkled in her bright eyes. "I'd so set my heart upon it. But, then, there's that poor, dying woman and her little helpless boy—supposing it was my Mary, now?" and the young mother turned to the cradle and gazed, with overflowing eyes, a moment on the sweet sleeper there.

She did not hesitate any longer. She went to the cupboard and took down the broken tea-urn, and the blue eyes of the angels grew full of light.

An hour later Mrs. Strong entered the chamber where Mrs. Gregory was lying. She carried a small tray in one hand, and the smoke was rolling like a cloud of incense about the mouth of the tea-pot, and the toast looked very tempting, as it lay floating in its ocean of fresh milk. There was a saucer of mince-meat for Willie, too. No wonder his eyes grew brightly when he looked on it.

"Now let me fix your pillows nicely, so you can eat it at your ease," said Mrs. Strong, in her kind, bustling way. "There's the fire, too, I

must brighten that up a little. I knew 'twouldn't go out; trust me for keeping a fire all night. Slept better, did you, after I left?"

"Willie, when you get through with your breakfast, if your mother's willing, won't you run over and sit by the cradle? Mary'll be awake before long, and you can play with her, you know, till I come back."

* * * * *

"Mrs. Gregory"—Mrs. Strong had come close to the bedside and was playing with her apron-string in a kind of awkward manner—"you said, last night, that thirty dollars would take you to your father. Well, I happened to think this morning I had just that sum on hand, and as I've no special, that is, no necessary use for it, why, you'll be welcome to it, so here it is," and she laid the roll of bills on the bed.

The bright eyes of the lady wandered from the money to the glowing face of the little woman, as though she did not at first comprehend her.

At last the blessed truth broke into her mind. She could not speak her gratitude; but the look of those eyes was lithographed forever in Mrs. Strong's memory, as the lady grasped her hand and sobbed, "God will reward you for this, and I—O, if he will but spare my life!"

* * * * *

"O, my dear madam, you mustn't think of it! Starting to-day in your state of health! I'll have you removed over to our house, and in a few days—"

"I may have taken my last journey. Mrs. Strong, I beg you will not frustrate me in this. What I do must be done quickly. My days are numbered; and if I do not go to him now I shall never go. Will you add a little more to the great debt which I already owe you, by securing me and Willie passages in the next stage?"

And Mrs. Strong looked on that pale, pleading face and yielded.

* * * * *

"John, did you not hear my orders? I will see no one this morning."

The old man looked up from his writing-desk with a dark frown, and the sunlight, that came in rosy smiles through the heavy damask curtains, looked very mournful as it tangled itself with his gray hairs.

"But the lady, sir; she will not be refused, and she looks so white and strange."

"Father!" What a cry that was! It wailed along the lofty walls, and the servant grew pale, and the old man sprang from his seat. She rushed wildly in—his daughter—he knew her at

the first glance, though the cold, white features were all so unlike that beautiful being whom he had last seen in the flush of her ripened girlhood.

"Father," she cried, stretching out her arms, "I have come back to die. O will you not take me to your heart once more before I go home to mother in heaven!"

He looked on his daughter and her child, and the pride of many years gave way, and the stern heart at last yielded.

He opened his arms, and with a low, glad cry she sank into them.

"Yes, Nelly, darling, you shall come back here—right here to my heart, as in the old time," he said, while his tears and his kisses dropped a blessed baptismal of affection on her forehead. "You have been gone a long time, daughter—so long that your cheek has lost its bloom and your eyes the old laughter; but we will bring it back again, my pet, my treasure. Do you know how this old heart has ached for you? Look up, Nellie, and say you forgive me!" But, alas! alas! she did not look up, for she had gone, as she said, to her mother in heaven.

* * * * *

White winters and rosy summers—a score of them—had cast anchor upon the shores of the past, when, one afternoon, a young and noble-looking man stepped into a fashionable clothing saloon on Broadway and inquired why some work had not been sent home the evening previous, as had been promised.

"I am very sorry, sir," said the obsequious foreman, "but the young woman who promised to finish the wristbands has been quite ill. Tom," turning to one of the clerks, "when did Mary Strong say she would send that work in?"

"Mary Strong," repeated the young man with a sudden start, his fine dark eyes kindling with eagerness. "Who is she? Where does she reside?"

The address was furnished, and without another word he left the store.

* * * * *

"How I wish I was sleeping there, close by mamma, among the cool clover-blossoms, and the wind stirring the long grass all about me! O, I should sleep there so sweetly, and I am so very weary!" and the work dropped from the young girl's fingers, and the tears fell fast over her pale, fair cheeks, as she sat there in that old chamber, where the May sunshine only came in faint and broken. It would have made your heart ache to see her, so young, so fair, so wretched.

"How hot my head is! and it aches so, I can not see the stitches. O, if those sharp pains

would not run over all my limbs—" There was a knock at the door, and the young seamstress started up, and exerting her remaining strength walked toward it.

"Good afternoon, ma'am." The young stranger lifted his hat to the seamstress in that miserable chamber with courtly grace, and his eyes were fastened with eagerness on the face whose exceeding loveliness shone out in strange contrast with the poverty about it. "May I inquire if I address Miss Mary Strong?"

"That is my name, sir." The girl's blue eyes were filled with wonder and alarm.

"And did your parents ever reside in L——?"

"Yes, sir, and my mother is buried there;" she said it with quivering lips.

"Ah! it must be the same, then. Surely God's own hand must have directed my steps this afternoon. Will you allow me to walk in? I have something to tell you which intimately concerns us both."

And sitting there in that miserable chamber, he told her a story of the past; how her mother had saved his own and himself from starvation; and how, in that last journey, when she went home to die, she had made him promise that at some future day he would repay tenfold the great debt that he owed her family.

"I remember all," he said; "child as I was, I remember, too, the blue eyes of the baby girl that opened upon me, like an angel's, as I kept watch by her cradle that morning."

"And I remember mamma's often speaking of the beautiful lady and her boy, and wondering what became of them," answered the young girl. But the surprise proved too great a one; her head dropped, and with a low moan she would have fallen to the floor had not William Gregory caught her in his arms.

"Goodness alive! mister William, what on earth have you got there?"

No wonder the old woman's eyes seemed starting from their sockets as she met the young master of the mansion in his hall, with that fair, unconscious girl, which he and a domestic were bearing toward the parlor.

"No matter now, nurse. In a little while you shall know all, only send Tom for a doctor, quick."

* * * *

Two years more had joined the past. In one of the parlors of his elegant home sat William Gregory and Mary Strong. It was evening, and the light from the two large astrals fell in soft billows on her golden hair and May-blue eyes.

The shadows of the past had all gone off from

her sweet face, and the purity of her fresh, happy heart was written on every feature, and yet there was a little shade of earnest purpose there, as she turned to the young man, saying, in reply to some remark of his, "Yes, Mr. Gregory, our term closed yesterday, and now I have been so long a pensioner upon your bounty it is surely quite time I was doing something for myself. If I could only procure a situation as assistant in some sem—"

"Mary, have you grown weary of your home, that you thus wish to try another?"

"O no, no!" Her lips grew tremulous and her eyes filled with tears. "You know I have been happy—so happy since I came here. It all seems like a long, bright dream; but then—"

"But, then, you want to teach. Well, Mary, you shall have a pupil," and he walked across the room and laid his hand gently on her shining hair.

"Will you take him?" he said, in tones whose thrilling tenderness the orphan could not misinterpret. "Will you share with him the wealth that his grandfather left him—the wealth that, but for your mother, he might never have received; and will you teach him by your gentle life and unswerving faith the way to that far-off land, upon whose shining heights both our mothers sit waiting—waiting for us?"

The head beneath his hand dropped slowly, and he saw the tears dripping on her lap, and he knew he was answered.

And, far above them, she who had "cast her bread upon the waters" looked down and found it "after many days."

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I FREELY confess to you, that I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, some one in his manhood should stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young! no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or I would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, tell her children: "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—*Dr. Sharp.*

SMALL TALK OF LADIES.

BY MARY E. FRY.

SMALL talk of ladies! To tell the truth, that is not a very inviting caption to meet the eye of certain strong-minded women in these United States, who are to be found on the list of modern females, if any where at all. That some of them, at least, had *stronger* minds, is a thing "to be devoutly wished for;" for who knows how much good they might do if they only knew how, and having found the path were willing to walk therein!

Well, then, it does seem to us in these days of "woman's rights conventions," and of reforms, whose name is legion, that one thing is entirely overlooked or forgotten, and that is, a thorough reformation in the general conversation of the fair sex. Ladies—women is getting to be an obsolete term nowadays—does it never occur to your minds what a little common sense, and what a deal of nonsense enters into your conversation when a number of you get together of an afternoon or evening? Do you not sometimes feel heartily ashamed when you reflect what a little has been said that was really worth the saying? Certainly you do. Why not, then, immediately set on foot a world-wide reformation, by each one in particular reforming her own dear self? You are all more or less ambitious; now here is a field in which you may safely venture as a reformer.

If nothing better offers, why not, as a last—perhaps we should have said a first—resort, organize purely intellectual conversational societies, somewhat on the model of those established in Hannah More's time? If, in those days of fashionable dissipation, social gatherings could be sustained where cards and plays were excluded, may we not hope the same, and even a better thing could be accomplished by the females of our own times?

The general diffusion of education, intellectual and religious, among females of our own day, is far in advance of the times of Hannah More and Doctor Johnson; why, then, is there not a corresponding advancement in their conversation and literary attainments? How is it that the educated females of those days were so brilliant in conversation with men of learning? Turn, for a moment, to the large numbers leaving our female colleges and seminaries annually, whose parchments proclaim them classical scholars. Do you find one in three hundred who is a Latinist with Sir Thomas More's daughter Margaret? Or one in twice that number reading Greek with a Lady Jane Gray? And how many will you find pur-

suing any particular branch of learning or science with the industry and success of Mrs. Summerville?

As just stated, the *general* diffusion is far greater than formerly, but the *individual* devotion really seems to be lacking among modern females.

In this short article we can not even touch the real cause, much less would our limits permit us to prescribe a remedy; there is but room to ask the question, Whence comes this universal attempting of every thing and the accomplishment of comparatively nothing? Right glad, we are sure, would the community of sensible people be, to see something like a reformation take place among the ladies on the subject of literary attainments, of conversation in general, and conferring of "degrees" promiscuously.

SPRING.

BY REV. GEORGE LOVESEE.

WINTER's fairly over!

Hear the gusty wind

Breathing out its fury—

Telling all its mind.

Little birds and crickets

Chirrup now, nor sing;

But they'll greet, with music,

Later days of spring.

Farmers, are ye ready?

Spring is here indeed;

Up, be up and doing,

Sowing precious seed.

Warmer days of summer,

Drops of fruitful rain,

Wooing, bless and brighten

Blushing fields of grain.

Spring and summer over,

Autumn, from his crest,

Shall shake off a harvest

Of the very best.

These are but the symbol

Of a better day;

Then, to fill our garner,

Let us watch and pray.

Moments measure ages—

Ages yet to be—

Just as DROPS OF WATER

Fill the SWELLING SEA!

Character neglected;

Virtue overrun;

Every hope is blasted;

Mortals are undone.

Look beyond the present,

Mourn our time misspent;

And may deeds of mercy

Build our monument!

PENCILINGS AND PORTRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

PIETY UNDER A CORONET—LADY SELINA HUNTINGDON.*

BY REV. DANIEL WISE.

MUNGO PARK, so celebrated for his extensive travels in Africa, and so lamented for his untimely end, once lost his way in a dreary desert. Wearied with long travel, half famished through long abstinence, dispirited because ignorant of the path leading to human habitations, he sat down and longed for death. As he gazed upon the vast wilderness which surrounded him, and thought of the five hundred weary miles which lay between him and the abodes of civilized man, of the savage beasts and more savage men inhabiting the deserts, and of his own utter helplessness, despair rolled in dark and oppressive clouds over his subdued soul. But in that dark moment his eye rested on some moss of extraordinary beauty, displaying all the vigor of healthy growth. Having a highly cultivated love of the beautiful in his nature, this modest plant arrested his attention, and, for the moment, threw a spell over his sad thoughts, diverting them from the sources of his despair to itself. He admired its strange beauty; he wondered at the Divine care which had nourished it to such perfection in that wild solitude, till he heard a voice in his inmost soul, saying, "Can He whose wisdom cherished this moss be unconcerned for thee, a creature bearing his own image?" His heart answered its own question. He felt rebuked for his despondency. His confidence in God revived. New strength animated his exhausted frame, and, starting up, he resumed his journey, and happily escaped the perils of the wilderness.

Is not this picture of the poor, solitary Mungo Park catching the inspiration of hope from a tuft of delicate moss growing in the midst of a vast desert very beautiful? Has it not a moral, too? If he could derive impulses to fresh exertion from a tuft of moss, should not timid, desponding Christians learn lessons of hope and faith from the examples of such as have maintained a lofty piety under circumstances eminently fitted to put their graces to the strongest test? We think so. Hence, we wish to exhibit the life and character of the LADY SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, to our readers. They will find in her a lady who maintained the most exalted

piety, through a long life, in that most difficult of spheres, the society of a proud, worldly, almost infidel, aristocracy.

Nearly one hundred and thirty years since, two ladies were seated, gravely conversing together, in an apartment of an old English mansion, situated in Donnington Park, Leicestershire. Both of them were in the full glory of early womanhood. Their air, bearing, manner, and dress indicated that they were no common personages, but that they belonged to the upper circles of society. Their conversation was earnest and serious. The countenance of one was radiant with the light of infelt joy, while a cloud saddened the intelligent features of the other. At last the former, as if summing up her previous statements to her friend, said, with emphasis, "Since I have known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation, I have been as happy as an angel!"

This remark, confirmed as it was by the heavenly aspect of the fair speaker, only caused the other lady to wear a still sadder brow. Retiring shortly after to her chamber, she suffered intense mental distress. The testimony of her friend had inflicted a deep wound in her spirit. True, her life had not a vicious stain upon its surface. She had lived in almost pharisaic devotion to the forms of religion, since a well-remembered hour in her girlhood, in which, while gazing on the solemn pageantry, the pomp of funeral plumes and badges wreathed in crape, which attended the burial of a lamented playmate, she saw, with fearful distinctness, the emptiness of worldly things, and exclaimed, as the earth rattled on her dear friend's coffin, "O God, be my God, when my hour shall come!" But notwithstanding all this, she now felt that the true life had not been begotten in her spirit. To the faith which had wrought such divine joy in the soul of her friend she was an utter stranger, and her unsatisfied heart groaned in agony after that union with its Creator, which is the sole condition of its bliss. She felt her spirit to be a harp which could not yield its sweetest sounds unless its chords were swept by the breath of the Holy Spirit.

Cherishing this conviction, despite the pain it caused, and the departure of her happy friend having left her without a spiritual guide, the unrest of her mind became intolerable. She fell sick. While suffering pain of mind and body, a whisper in her heart bade her try to seek peace by means of that faith in Christ which had yielded such delightful fruitage of peace to her friend. Obeying this divine impulse, she cast herself upon Jesus, and found her heart sweetly at rest.

* A very entertaining memoir of this lady may be found among the recent publications of the American Tract Society. It is, I believe, the only biography of her ladyship published in America.

The hand of almighty love touched the chords of her affections, and they yielded music so sweet that she, too, became "happy as an angel."

The lady thus converted was **SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON**. The friend, whose testimony was the lancet which wounded her spirit, was Lady Margaret Hastings, her husband's sister, who, moved by curiosity to hear Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors, had been led to embrace the cross of Christ. Both were ladies of illustrious birth; but they both learned to prize their relation to Christ infinitely more than their connections with the proudest families of the proudest aristocracy in the world.

Lady Huntingdon's maiden name was **SELINA SHIRLEY**. Her father was Earl Ferrass. She was born on the 24th of August, 1707, and married to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, at the age of twenty-one. Her earlier years were spent in the quietude of Chartley Castle, the seat of her ancestors. After her marriage, she moved, as was her right, in the most stately circles of the British nobility, and formed intimate acquaintanceship with the most literary of the nobles, with the wits, authors, and poets who graced the reigns of George the First and George the Second. The elegance and dignity of her person, the natural and graceful affability of her manners, the strength and clearness of her intellect, fitted her to shine at court, and to wield a queenly power over cultivated wits. But though compelled by the duties of her exalted station to mingle with gay and wicked nobles, she never yielded to the fascinations of those splendid follies, in the pursuit of which they were accustomed to pass their lives. The impression made upon her mind at her playmate's grave, her serious and reflective turn of mind, with her early developed aspirations after a higher life, shielded her spirit against the seductive influences of worldly amusements. Hence, up to the time of her conversion, we behold her sustaining the character of a zealous legalist, seeking salvation by deeds of charity, by acts of self-denial, and by a diligent observance of the forms of religion. But after she found that righteousness which is by faith, her life was filled up with labors for her Lord. During her youth and early womanhood she was an amiable Pharisee. In her maturity she was a noble and elect lady, doing the work of a disciple in the loftiest spirit of self-denying evangelism.

Lady Huntingdon's conversion was thorough and decided. It gave birth to a holy love for Christ, which became at once the ruling affection of her nature. Yielding herself fully to its

claims, it gave character to her life, and became a perennial spring of bliss to her spirit. Hence her Christian experience, from first to last, was deep, rich, and delightful. "How solid," she writes to Charles Wesley, shortly after her conversion, "is the peace, and how divine the joy, that springs from an assurance that we are united to the Savior by a living faith! Blessed be his name!" Writing to the amiable Philip Doddridge, shortly after the death of her husband, in 1746, she says, "I am satisfied with every misery Christ does not redeem me from, that, in all things, I may feel without him I can do nothing." "My hopes are full of immortality."

Thus cherishing faith, love, and submission to the Divine will, this excellent lady continued to enter more and more deeply into the things of God to the end of her long life. Though her personal afflictions were many and severe, her duties, cares, and responsibilities numerous and weighty, and fiery trials at times powerfully tried her faith, yet we find no abatement in her spirituality, no falling off in her religious labors, no period of spiritual decay in any portion of her history. At the command of her chosen Lord, her inner life beamed into beautiful being like the morning sun; and, like the sun, that life rose with an ever-unfolding glory, till it reached the zenith of its loveliness, and was removed to shine with still greater luster in a nobler sphere. As a spiritual disciple, Lady Huntingdon must be ranked with Fletcher and his pious consort, with Lady Maxwell, with Wesley, and other devoted spirits who shone, stars of mighty magnitude, during the epoch of England's great awakening.

But it was not in spirituality alone that Lady Huntingdon excelled ordinary believers. For her unquenchable zeal for souls, her self-denying benevolence, her holy courage, her incessant activity in the cause of Christ, her various modes of aiding the spread of truth, she deserves to be ranked with the very first of the champions of Jesus. At the time of her conversion, Britain was thrilling with the first agitations of the great Wesleyan revival. Multitudes were embracing the faith of Christ; but greater multitudes were persecuting its advocates and heaping scorn upon its converts. Great men in Church and state, with the most powerful minds in the walks of literature, were particularly hostile to it; and whoever embraced it in the upper walks of life was sure to be counted an enthusiast, and despised as a fanatic. Fully aware of all this, Lady Huntingdon, from the moment of her conversion, braved the world's scorn. Her first act almost was to send for Mr. Wesley, and to openly identify

herself with the great revival movement of the day. Peeress though she was, her presence graced the meetings of Wesley and his fellow-laborers. Soon she flung herself into the thickest of the battle. After her husband's death, which occurred when she was only thirty-nine years of age, she drew the most spiritual of the English clergy around her; appointed them her chaplains; held religious services in her saloons for the benefit of the highest members of the aristocracy, whom she took special pains to invite. She made journeys over large portions of England, accompanied by the eloquent Whitefield, the devoted Venn, the laborious Shirley, the blunt-spoken Berridge, the sweet-spirited Romaine, the saintly Fletcher, and their kindred spirits. These mighty men of God preached to vast multitudes, wherever her ladyship stopped to rest while on her journey, with wonderful effect. When the Established churches were closed against these holy ministers, she built chapels for their use—in great part at her own expense. When bishops refused ordination to pious youth, and college professors procured their expulsion from England's ancient halls of learning, because they were overmuch righteous, she founded colleges for their instruction. Thus, in every possible way, shrinking from no obloquy, shunning no difficulty, did this admirable woman throw the ægis of her influence over the evangelical movement, and promote the growth of Christ's kingdom on earth. So unbounded were her benevolent sacrifices for her Master's work, that she spent all her munificent fortune in promoting it. She even denied herself the luxuries of her social position. At one time she sold her jewels for some thirty-five hundred dollars, and expended the money in erecting a chapel. Toward the close of her life, she reduced her domestic establishment far below what was deemed suitable to the dignity of a peeress, and even restricted herself in the matter of apparel to one new dress a year! All this was done that she might have money to spend for God!

We do not pretend that her ladyship was faultless, however, for she was human. But considering her high birth, the aristocratic and anti-evangelical influences which surrounded her, the multitude and magnitude of her enterprises, and the peculiarity of the times, the occasional manifestations of an imperial will, the unbending, almost harsh, determination with which she carried out her plans, regardless of individual opinion, which her life exhibited, must be considered venial faults—slight specks, scarcely discernible in the moral splendor which envelops her entire

character. Perhaps it may not be extravagant to say, that a better and more useful woman than Lady Huntingdon has never lived.

Her death was worthy of her life. It was a gorgeous sunset at the close of a long, brilliant day. "I am well; all is well—well forever. I see wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory." "I am as in the element of heaven itself," was her language when the death-angel brought her the summons to depart. And when her last moment came, she smiled, said, "*My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father,*" and died! It was a lovely spectacle to witness this elect matron of eighty-four years of age, in full possession of all her faculties, gazing with such calmness in the face of death. It was fitting that she should depart from the field of her many labors with such a song of triumph pouring from her withered lips. Happy Countess! Her toils and sacrifices were richly rewarded by such a death, and the luster of her immortal crown far transcends the glory of the coronet she despoised on earth.

THE CONVERSION OF A MUTE.

BY REV. JAMES L. CLARK.

ALTHOUGH the age of miracles has ceased, and wonders of healing are seldom wrought on the bodies of mankind, yet we sometimes witness miracles of grace so astonishing as to extort even from the lips of infidelity the honest confession, "This is the finger of God." One of these wonderful displays of grace which passed under my own notice was the conversion of a mute, at a time and under circumstances which were calculated to silence skepticism and glorify God.

In a settlement about three miles from P., a small town in Western Virginia, among others, there was a family of four or five young men and boys, from sixteen up to about twenty-five years of age, who were studying the works of Paine and other infidel writers. They were young men of more than ordinary reading and intelligence for that community, and were exerting a pernicious influence over the minds of the young people in the neighborhood. Joined with amiability, and, in other respects, irreproachable moral character, there was a perseverance about them in spreading their opinions which was worthy of a better cause. The leaven of infidelity had its influence through the neighborhood till the pious and God-fearing portion of the community became seriously alarmed. In

their anxiety they fled to God for help, and in the fervency of their souls entreated him to stay this tide of destruction, and save their children from being swallowed up in this whirlpool of Satan. Nor was prayer the only means they used. Efforts were made; a meeting was appointed for united and public effort. A crisis had come. It was now to be determined whether Christianity should bless or infidelity curse their families.

The time for holding the meeting arrived. The children of God were there, and the followers of Paine were there also. Both parties seemed to feel that on the result of that meeting depended the success of their cause. Fervent were the prayers of God's people; vigorous were the efforts made by them to sustain the cause of their Savior. And as zealous and as persevering were the infidel party to oppose and blast the work of grace. But strong was the hand of God, and valiant was his right hand, and it triumphed gloriously. At first but little seemed accomplished beyond an increasing seriousness among the people. After a while a few approached the altar, with streaming eyes, and hearts and lips of prayer, pleading for pardon through the merits of Jesus. Faith prevailed. The witness of the Spirit was given. And while some gave vent to their feelings of joy in shouts of praise, others, with glory beaming from their countenances, went and told their friends what God had done for their souls. This, according to infidelity, was fanaticism, enthusiasm, animal excitement, or something worse: the preachers gave them their lessons and told them what to do; they learned them to shout, and it was all hypocrisy. Thus as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, and Barjesus opposed Paul, so these men endeavored to oppose the truth and power of God. But the hour of their overthrow was at hand; a change was yet to come.

In this same neighborhood there resided a deaf and dumb young lady named Margaret B——n, who was regular in her attendance on the services of the meeting. At the institute at Stanton she had been taught to read and write. From reading her Bible she had obtained some knowledge of her condition as a sinner and some knowledge of the plan by faith in Jesus Christ. During the progress of the meeting her mind became deeply exercised upon the subject of her personal salvation. Although the exercises of the meeting were to some extent a blank to her, and though the Gospel's joyful sound and the voice of prayer and praise could not fall upon her ear, the power of God did reach her heart. And

although her lips were sealed in silence, and could pour forth no confession of guilt, and in human language could not implore pardon, yet from the depths of her sin-sick soul, through her streaming eyes, flowed tears of penitence that fell in mercy's sight. At the mercy-seat, with groanings that could not be uttered, she presented the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart, which God did not despise. In that hour we felt the insufficiency of man. We could sympathize with her, but could not point her to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. We could pray for her, but could not pour into her mind the precious promises of eternal truth. Hers was a solitary struggle. A struggle at which infidelity looked with surprise, if not with alarm.

In the hour of extremity, there was One who could not only sympathize with her, but who could relieve. That one was the Friend of sinners. He came to her rescue, and the hour of her release had arrived. One evening during the exercises at the altar a strange sound fell upon my ear. Turning round to see from whence it came, I saw Margaret upon her feet. The gloom that had overspread her countenance was gone. Every feature was lighted with an unearthly radiance, and seemed to beam forth with the effulgence of heaven. When I approached her she placed her hand upon her heart, and then, looking upward, pointed toward heaven, and clapped her hands in an ecstasy of joy, while in her efforts to speak her lips gave utterance to those strange sounds which had arrested my attention. If the tongue of the dumb did not then sing, the glad heart did dance for joy.

At this point of time I observed that our infidel friends were all in commotion. They had caught a sight of the converted mute, and, with feelings of the most intense curiosity, were pressing forward to get a nearer view. We promptly opened the way for them, so that they might get near her, and satisfy their curiosity. Foremost in the group stood Andrew G., in whose mind, if you might judge from appearance, a most intense struggle was going on. In the mean time the mute was passing among her female friends, pressing to her bosom those who were now as ready to rejoice with her while rejoicing as they had been to weep with her when weeping. While these things were passing, I took my position where I could watch the influence they might exert on the minds of the infidel party. The change in Margaret, with whom they were all well acquainted, was too manifest to be denied. How should they account for it? Would infidel

philosophy explain the phenomenon? or would they, like the Jews, attribute the miracles of God to Satan? We shall see.

There they stood, gazing as if it were the last sight of earth. You could almost hear their hearts beat, while their faces grew white and red alternately. For a while their lips seemed as dumb as those of the converted girl. At length the leader of the party turned round to his comrades, and said, "Boys, this is not animal excitement. There is no deception in this. Margaret B. is no hypocrite. The preacher could not learn her to shout. There must be a divine reality in religion. I never saw any thing like this." Tears gushed from many of their eyes, and their hearts were subdued. Infidelity had received its death-blow, "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

The next night they were found at the altar of prayer, seeking salvation, while the work of the Lord went on gloriously. During the balance of the meeting the form of the mute might be seen passing along among the seekers of religion, looking earnestly upon their features, to catch the first smile of joy that illuminates the countenance when conversion takes place. And hers was generally the first hand extended to welcome them into the family of God. The entire G. family were converted. One of them has since died a most happy and triumphant death. At our last conference another one took me by the hand, and, after referring to the past, remarked that he was making his arrangements to withdraw from worldly business, and at the next conference he expected to enter the itinerancy, and to spend his life in preaching the faith he once tried to destroy. Surely,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

SIN.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the world; use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it kill your bodies, it shall not be able to kill your souls; and though it bring you to the grave as it did your head, it shall not be able to keep you there. If the thoughts of death, and the grave, and rottenness be not pleasant to you, hearken to every temptation to sin, as you would hearken to a temptation to self-murder, and as you would do if the devil brought you a knife, and tempted you to cut your throat with it: so do when he offereth you the bait of sin.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CHINA.*

BY REV. J. W. WILEY, M. D.

NOTWITHSTANDING the degrading position occupied by these females, and the low estimate placed upon them by their countrymen, we have yet hope in the daughters of China. There is but little in their social circumstances on which we can rest our hopes; but there is much in their character which inspires our confidence. The degradation and debasement in which they live can not altogether crush out of them the gentler feelings of woman's nature, and we find them still susceptible to the influence of virtuous example, and the offices of kindness and sympathy. When we think of them in their neglected seclusion, unloved and uncared for by man, unworthy of the expense and labor of even an elementary education, and left in the deepest ignorance, the prey to unmeaning superstitions, the victims of degrading national and religious institutions, and the mere instruments and creatures of man, there is little on which to build our hopes of reformation and improvement. But when we discover that in the midst of this degradation they preserve an interesting and promising character, and exhibit a nature superior to their position, and capable of development and refinement, we have confidence in the power of the Gospel to meet and alleviate their condition. Our confidence rests alone in the refining and ennobling power of the Gospel, and with any feebler instrumentality we would stand paralyzed before the gigantic evils which must be removed ere the daughters of China can be disenthralled and enlightened.

We say, that, in spite of the debasing influences which constantly operate upon them, the females of China still preserve an interesting and promising character. We have often looked upon them with admiration, and been struck with the contrast between their character and their position. In all cases we can not but discover and pity the ignorance in which they are kept. This is painfully visible in the empty and vacant expression of their countenances, in their light and trivial deportment, in their wonder and astonishment at new things and new facts, and, perhaps more than all, in the silly and unmeaning questions which they are perpetually asking. It is always easy, too, to detect in their movements the consciousness of their degradation and the sense of their inferiority. This appears most prominently in the presence of foreign females,

* Concluded from page 91.

whose freedom, accomplishments, and elegance they contemplate with admiration and astonishment. Their deportment is often such in the presence of other females, and in the quiet and happy circles of foreign domestic life, that one almost expects to hear mingling with their expressions of wonder sighs of regret that they are so low while others are so high. We have here an evidence of their painful realization of their own position, and of their appreciation and admiration of a higher and better one—a good *point d'appui*, as the Frenchman would say, for reformation.

Remarkable inquisitiveness and an intense desire to know are characteristics of the Chinese female. There are but few of them that would not come off with éclat in a contest of interrogations with a perfect specimen of a "down easter." In their visits to the families of foreigners their volubility keeps up perpetual conversation, and their curiosity can only be gratified by a tour of exploration through the whole establishment, and their battery of interrogations discharges itself upon every thing from the kitchen to the bed-chamber. Whatever else this proves, it proves that they still are women. It is true these questions are often of the most silly and unmeaning character; but what else could we expect from empty and untutored minds—from females whose world has been the secluded apartments of a *grandee*, or whose lives have been spent in degrading service and bondage? They are curious and inquiring; and their curiosity embraces all things, and their inquiries reach fully to the extent of the suggestions of their empty minds. They are apt in learning and anxious to be taught; and the females in the houses of the missionaries enter with spirit and relish into any efforts to teach them to read, or to impart to them a knowledge of useful acquirements. They listen with interest to the truths of the Gospel, readily perceive their excellence and importance, appreciate the character and the worth of its noble institutions, and, in the families of foreigners, conform with evident satisfaction to its external requirements. They seem capable of perceiving and admiring the purer morals of Christianity; and though many objections are urged by the men against the Christian Sabbath, I have never heard it spoken of but with admiration by the women.

Though surrounded by influences calculated to debase and corrupt, yet virtue and modesty are in high estimation among the females of China. The dress is always modest and becoming, and the deportment and language, except among the very lowest classes, are unexception-

able. Quietness, retirement, and diffidence in the presence of men are natural fruits of the subjection and seclusion in which they live; but in addition to these, we believe there prevails extensively among the better classes a genuine modesty springing from the finer feelings of the heart. The appearance of this modesty in the deportment of Chinese females has been remarked by all travelers among them, and is noticed in most books speaking of their character. Many, however, are disposed to call in question its genuineness, and look upon it as a deceptions timidity produced by the subjection in which they are held. We do not think so. We have looked upon it so frequently with admiration, wondering that it could exist among the demoralizing influences of heathenism; we have seen its manifestations under so many different circumstances, and have witnessed it in individual cases for so great a length of time, that we have become satisfied that it is the genuine offspring of good hearts—of female hearts—the better feelings of which the most trying circumstances have not been able entirely to destroy. We have already observed that the debasing circumstances in which they live are not voluntary with them, nor do they meet with their approbation; they feel their degradation, and in many instances their better feelings revolt against it; and we can not justly charge upon them what is not in their power to change. In many instances, too, we have found among them the gentleness and kindness of woman's nature, and seen the manifestations of hearts capable of a high degree of feeling, and giving birth to touching acts of mercy and kindness. We have seen, and in painfully trying circumstances have experienced their attention and kindness, and gladly bear testimony to the fact, that at least some female hearts in China remain warm and kind. Some of the attachments which they form with the female missionaries among them, and to their children, are deep and sincere, and in some instances are cherished with grateful remembrance by those who have lived and labored among them.

It may be thought we are disposed to give a high character to the daughters of China. We are; but it is only a high character in contrast with the debasing circumstances in which they live, and the humble position they are made to occupy. They are good, very good, in view of the circumstances in which they live; and the fact that they have preserved so many good qualities of heart and life in the midst of the moral deterioration about them, gives encouragement to hope that good fruit will follow efforts

made for their improvement. But they are heathens, and these good and promising traits of character are obscured by the institutions of Paganism. They give evidence of possessing good and active minds; but those minds are ignorant and empty, or occupied by silly and worthless superstitions. They have hearts capable of deep feeling, and susceptible of kindness and sympathy; but those hearts want developing and refining under the genial influences of the Gospel. They are better than might be expected under the circumstances in which they are compelled to live; but they want the reforming light of the Gospel to shine upon those degrading circumstances, and to disenthral them from the bondage and debasement in which they are held.

But we would not be understood as conveying the idea that all the females of China present to the observer these interesting and promising traits of character. Thousands of them fall before the debasing circumstances which surround them, and exhibit the degradation which is consistent with their humbled position. In the lower walks of life they are rude, boisterous, and masculine, presenting but little modesty or gentility in their deportment, and but few of the finer feelings of female hearts. In the higher circles of life, too, when the wife has become advanced in years, and is removed from the bondage in which she may have been held to her husband's parents, and becomes herself the mother and the mother-in-law, in not a few instances she turns the tyrant herself, and uses her new authority and privileges to the utmost of her ability. It is in her household that the daughter of China appears to the least advantage. Always tasteful in the arrangements of the dress and ornaments of her person, and generally modest and gentle in her deportment without, she displays, in most instances, but little cleanliness or taste in the arrangements of her home, which is nearly always in disorder and confusion, and not unfrequently the scene of jargon and discord. Indeed, there are no homes in China—no place to be loved and cherished—no spot for the development of affection or the production of the endearing ties of love and relationship; and it is a misapplication of our high-meaning word—the family—to apply it to the domestic customs and relations of China.

But what can be done for the daughters of China? Nothing without the Gospel; and this can only operate upon them by being borne to them by the living teacher. This divine remedy for human ills and evils is all-sufficient to meet and reform the wrongs of these millions of females,

and this alone can reach and improve their condition. It is the genius of Christianity alone which can exalt and refine human nature, and which in Christian lands gives to woman her high and proper position as the helpmate and companion of ennobled manhood, herself and her compeer both fitted for this high form of life by the refining and exalting influence of the Gospel. It is in the power of the Gospel to produce the same results in Pagan China—first, by ennobling man, and preparing him for a higher and purer form of life; and, secondly, by exalting and refining his weaker helpmate into a being worthy of his love, his protection, and his companionship, and thus give to the domestic life of China the sanctity and the felicity which belong to it only in Christian lands.

But how can the Gospel be brought to bear upon the females of China? It must be taught to the men, and they must learn the purer morality and enter upon the higher life of Christianity. This is a work for the male missionary; but this is not sufficient; the females themselves must be reached and taught the better form of life presented to them in the Gospel. But we have already seen that they are inaccessible to the teachings of the male missionary; evidently, then, here is a work devolving upon the daughters of Christian lands—a great and mighty work which can be accomplished by them alone. It is true, that even to these intercourse with ladies in the higher circles of life is yet limited; but in the middle and lower walks of society the intercourse of the female missionary with the daughters of China may be as extensive as she chooses to make it; and among all classes the way is open, and is still opening. There are many ways in which the devoted female missionary may be incalculably useful and accomplish much good, thus securing to herself a noble share in the honor and in the rewards of giving the Gospel to a mighty Pagan nation; and in addition to these, there are many other ways in which, as the companion and helpmate of the missionary, she is indispensable in the successful prosecution of this beneficent enterprise. Her very presence in China as a Christian female, as the wife of the Christian missionary, and the head of the missionary family, or as the unmarried female, exhibiting, in her labors and deportment, the ennobling influences of the Gospel, exerts an influence for good, the extent and might of which can not be calculated. The Christian family living in the midst of heathenism is as a city set upon a hill, which can not be hid; a center from which go forth light and life over an area which can not

be measured; an illustration of the Gospel speaking louder than words; a realization, in the midst of Pagan darkness, of a form of life new and striking to the benighted nation.

The wife of the missionary also becomes his passport into Chinese society, and thus opens up to his labors new and important fields. The females frequently visit the missionary family; and there is now but little difficulty in the female missionary gathering into her house a number of native females, to whom she may tell the story of redemption and point out the way of life, and who, in these circumstances, will gladly listen to the teachings of her male companion. The missionary's house may thus be made the house of prayer, and the lady's parlor be converted into a chapel for the preaching of the Gospel. It is already thus in the houses of many missionaries in China.

But it is upon the future wives and mothers of China that the Christian female can now most successfully operate. She can reach the children, and gather them into Christian schools, where may be imparted to them during the impressive years of childhood the truths and principles of the Gospel, and where she may train and prepare them for a higher and better form of life in the future. Schools for the young have always been recognized as very important adjuncts in the great and good work of evangelizing a heathen nation. Schools for boys have always been employed by the missionaries in China; but till recently it was impossible to open female schools. The idea of educating females was thought by the Chinese to be so novel and absurd, that it was long before parents could be induced to allow their daughters to enter the schools of the missionaries. The first attempts met only with ridicule, and in many instances proved a failure; but not despising the day of small things, and persevering under discouragements and against opposition and ridicule, the female missionaries in China have greatly broken in upon this old prejudice, and in many instances have succeeded in establishing large and successful female schools. They have shown to the parents that their daughters may be educated, and the way is now fairly opened, so that there is but little more difficulty in opening and sustaining large and successful schools for girls than attends the efforts to establish schools for boys. But at the head of these schools there must be foreign females, and this is an important department of labor which must be committed to them. The immediate teacher in the school, as is also the case in the schools for boys, must be a native

scholar; but the head of the school—its presiding spirit—must be the female missionary. She must give it her name, her presence, her attention; and acquiring at least the spoken language, she must impart to these youthful idolaters the purer lessons and the sublimer truths of the Gospel.

We feel, then, that in the great Pagan empire of China a vast and promising field for usefulness is thrown open to the daughters of Christendom—a field which can be occupied by them alone, and which now calls loudly upon them to enter in and possess it. While we acknowledge that there are many difficulties to be encountered, and many serious obstacles to be overcome, we still can only look upon it as an inviting field, promising to the devoted female missionary not only a useful, but also a happy life. It is true it is a dark land, which has long been enveloped in the folds of Pagan superstitions; it is very far away; the dangers and discomforts of a long voyage must be met and endured; the society, the luxuries, the elegances of home must be forsaken; and the missionary must become habituated to a new climate, must become accustomed to a people of strange manners and customs, and must enter into intercourse with a people of unrefined habits and a difficult language. But all these things can be endured and overcome. It wants only a heart deeply imbued with the love of Christ and earnest for the salvation of souls, a cheerful temperament, and a mind well disciplined either by education or intercourse with the world, possessing a knowledge of common things, as well as of the higher branches of education; and the female missionary may enter upon this noble enterprise confident of securing to herself the best of all forms of happiness—the blissful consciousness of God's approbation and blessing—and promising to herself a life of eminent usefulness in laboring for the temporal and spiritual good of the millions of her oppressed sisters in China.

But then there are thousands anxious to glorify God and do good who can not personally consecrate themselves to this noble work, and yet the field lies open before them, asking for their sympathies, their prayers, their labors, and their contributions. They may give their counsels, their influence, and their sympathies to this work; they may bear it upon their prayers to the throne of the heavenly grace, imploring upon it the blessing of God; they may labor in training other minds to enter into the field; they may contribute, as God has given them means, to sustain those who have gone forth to this work, and to open opportunities of preparation to others who

would gladly engage in this noble enterprise, if they possessed the means of becoming qualified for the work. The field lies open, then, to all, and to the sympathies and the efforts of all do we commend the *daughters of China*.

MISSION OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

THE annexed beautiful and touching extract purports to have come from a "Discourse on the Mission of Little Children:"

"No one feels the death of a child as the mother feels it. The father can not realize it thus. True, there is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection over them all.

"But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every graduation of feature developed before her eyes—she detected every new gleam of infant intelligence; she heard the first utterance of every stammering word; she was the refuge of its fears, the supplier of its wants; and every task of affection wove a new link, and made dearer to her its object. And when her child dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies with it. How can she give her darling up, with all these loving memories, these fond associations? Timid hands that have so often taken hers in trust and love—how can she fold them on its sinless breast, and surrender them to the cold grasp of Death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly—how can she bear to see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and bosom, that she has watched in peaceful slumber, and in burning, heart-saddening sickness, a hair of which she could not see harmed—O, how can she consign it to the darkness of the grave? It was a gleam of sunshine, and a voice of perpetual gladness in her home; she had learned from it blessed lessons of simplicity, sincerity, purity, and faith; it had unsealed within her a gushing, a never-ebbing tide of affection; when suddenly it was taken away, and the home is left dark and silent; and to the vain and heart-rending aspiration, shall that dear child never return? There breaks in response the cold grave silence—never more! O never more! The heart is like a forsaken mansion, and those words go echoing through its silent chambers."

While speaking of the death of children, these quaint and touching lines by Lydgate, an early English poet, come familiar to the minds of all:

"Ah, welladay! most angel-like of face,
A child, young in its pure innocence,
Tender of limbs, God wrote full guiltless,
The goodly faire that lieth here speechless,
A mouth he has, but words hath he none;
Can not complain, alas! for none outrage,
He grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lamb, most meek of his visage;
What heart of steel could do him damage,
Or suffer him to die, beholding the manere,
And look benign of his twin eyen clere?"

SLEEP-WALKING.

NO phenomenon in the human economy is calculated to excite so much surprise as that called somnambulism, or sleep-walking. If sleep be the intermediate state betwixt wakeful life and death, somnambulism is a condition intermediate betwixt sleep and wakefulness. In perfect sleep, all the organs or faculties composing the mind, together with the external senses and the powers of voluntary motion, are in a state of rest or torpor. Dreaming is a slight approach to wakefulness, seeing that some of the cerebral organs are then in a state of activity, while others are quiescent. In dreaming, the external senses may or may not be in a state of activity. Some people, for example, can be led to dream of particular subjects by the talk of others placed near them when sleeping; while other dreamers are totally insensible to all sounds emitted within the range of their organs of hearing. In ordinary dreaming, too, the powers of voluntary motion are often exercised to a slight extent. A dreamer, under the impression that he is engaged in an active battle, will frequently give a bed-fellow a smart belaboring. Often, also, in cases of common dreaming, the muscles on which the production of the voice depends are set in action, through the instrumentality of that portion of the brain which is not in a quiescent state, and the dreamer mutters, or talks, or cries aloud.

All these partial demonstrations of activity in the external senses, and in the powers of voluntary motion, form an approach to that remarkable state termed somnambulism, in which all or nearly all of the senses, and of the muscles of the body, are frequently in perfect activity, the torpor of a part of the cerebral organs being the only feature rendering the condition different from that of waking life. The degrees in which the preceding characteristics are observable in somnambulism

vary, as is natural, in different cases; and the causes of this, as well as of the condition itself, are well and forcibly explained by Mr. Macnish in his *Anatomy of Sleep*. "If we dream that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. Should we dream that we hear or see, and the impression be so vivid as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or, more properly speaking, those parts of the brain which take cognizance of sights and sounds, then we both see any objects, or hear any sounds, which may occur, just as if we were awake. In some cases, the muscles only are excited, and then we simply walk, without hearing or seeing." In other cases, for the reasons given, we both walk and see; and in a third variety, we at once walk, see, and hear. In the same way, the vocal organs alone may be stimulated, and a person may merely be a sleep-talker; or, under a conjunction of impulses, he may talk, walk, see, and hear.

These brief explanations may aid in preventing the reader from being puzzled by the philosophy of this curious condition of the bodily system, or from being disposed to discredit the cases related. The simplest and perhaps least surprising cases are those in which the locomotive powers alone of the body are set in action by the vividness of a dreaming impulse. The person rises, strikes his head or body against something, and awakes. A leap from bed is also a comparatively common and slight species of somnambulism. In the belief of being compelled to cross a ditch by the pursuit of a bull, a gentleman bounded some time since from bed, and at one spring found himself placed upon a dressing-table which stood a short way from the foot of the bed. A few inches farther, and he would have passed through, or at least struck, a window. But such cases have little interest in comparison with those in which the somnambulism is not momentary, but of continued duration. The following case is related by Smellie in his *Philosophy of Natural History*: "Near thirty years ago, I had an opportunity of examining a striking example of somnambulism. Within a mile of Edinburgh, I happened to reside for some time in a farmer's house. Mr. Baird, my landlord, had a servant-maid, whose name was Sarah. I was not long there, when I learned from the family that Sarah, particularly after receiving an affront, or being angered, was accustomed to rise in her sleep, to go out, and to walk about the fields. My curiosity was excited, and I begged to be informed the first time that Sarah should rise

in her sleep. A few nights afterward one of Mr. Baird's sons awakened me, and told me that Sarah had got out of bed. I immediately hastened to the apartment where she slept. When I arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, one of their sons, and a servant-maid, Sarah's companion, were present. Sarah was in the midst of them. I took my seat by her. We began immediately to converse. She answered any questions that were put to her pretty distinctly; but she always mistook the person who spoke, which gave us an opportunity of assuming any character within the circle of her acquaintance.

"I knew that one of the farmer's servants, whose name was John Porteous, was a lover of hers; and, therefore, I addressed her in the style which I supposed John might have sometimes done. From that moment she began to scold me, and in the most peremptory manner forbade me ever to speak to her again on that topic. The conversation was accordingly changed. I talked of her mistress, who was in the room, because I knew that they had occasional quarrels. Till now, I suspected that the whole was a trick, but for what purpose I could not discover. Sarah, however, abused Mrs. Baird in the harshest terms; she said but the other day she had been accused of stealing and drinking some bottles of ale; that her mistress was suspicious, cruel, and narrow-minded. As the mistress of the house was present when these and other opprobrious terms were used, I began to be shaken in my preconceived notion of imposture, and, therefore, changed the object of my experiments and inquiries. I examined her countenance, and found that her eyes, though open, wild, and staring, were not absolutely fixed. I took a pin, and repeatedly pricked her arm; but not a muscle moved, not a symptom of pain was discoverable. At last she became impatient to leave the room, and made several attempts to get out by the door; but that was prevented by the domestics. Perceiving her inability to force the door, she made a sudden spring at the window, and endeavored to throw herself over, which would have been fatal to her. To remove every suspicion of imposture, I desired the people, with proper precautions to prevent harm, to try if she would really precipitate herself from the window. A seemingly free access was left for her escape, which she perceived, and instantly darted with such force and agility, that more than one half of her body was projected before her friends were aware. They, however, laid hold of her, and prevented the dreadful catastrophe. She was again prevailed

upon, though with much reluctance, to sit down. She soon resumed her former calmness, and freely answered such questions as were put to her. This scene continued for more than an hour. I was perfectly convinced, notwithstanding my original suspicions, that the woman was actuated by strong and natural impulses, and not by any design to deceive. I asked if any of the attendants knew how to awaken her. A female servant replied that she did. She immediately, to my astonishment, laid hold of Sarah's wrist, forcibly squeezed and rubbed the projecting bones, calling out at the same time, 'Sarah! Sarah!' By this operation Sarah awoke. She started with amazement, looked around, and asked how so many people came to be in her apartment at so unseasonable an hour. After she was completely awake, I asked her what was the cause of her restless and violent agitation. She replied, that she had been dreaming that she was pursued by a furious bull, which was every moment on the point of goring her."

In the preceding case there is one point worthy of especial note, and this is the insensibility of the girl to pain when her arm was repeatedly pricked. As will be shown afterward, this is a phenomenon which has recently thrown quite a novel interest over somnambulism, and made it a subject of greater importance.

The somnambulist in Smellie's case had not apparently the perfect power of vision. She did not or could not recognize the persons about her, yet she saw a window, and would have leaped through it, knowing that a passage was practicable. The true condition of the vision in somnambulism is, indeed, the point most difficult to comprehend. The boy who, according to the common story, rose in his sleep and took a nest of young eagles from a dangerous precipice, must have received the most accurate accounts of external objects from his visual organs, and must have been able to some extent to reason upon them, else he could never have overcome the difficulties of the ascent. He dreamed of taking away the nest, and to his great surprise found it beneath his bed in the morning in the spot where he only thought himself to have put it in imagination. The following case, mentioned by Mr. Macnish, is scarcely less wonderful. It occurred near one of the towns on the Irish coast: "About two o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue Quay were much surprised at descrying a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the revenue

boat's crew, they pushed off and succeeded in picking him up; but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure was, that the man had left his house at twelve o'clock that night, and walked through a difficult, and to him dangerous road, a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up." The state of madness gives us, by analogy, the best explanation of the condition of these climbers and swimmers. With one or more organs or portions of his brain diseased, and the rest sound, the insane person has the perfect use of his external senses, yet may form imperfect conclusions regarding many things around him. The somnambulist, with his senses in activity, but with some of his cerebral organs in a torpid state, is in much the same position as regards his power of forming right judgments on all that he hears or sees.

The story of the sleeping swimmer is borne out by a statement from an indisputable authority—Dr. Benjamin Franklin. The Doctor relates that on one occasion, while bathing in a hot salt-water bath, he fell asleep, and floated on his back in that state for nearly an hour, as his watch testified to him.

Sometimes, in the case of a person liable to somnambulism, it is possible to direct the thoughts of the dreamer to any given subject, by acting on the external senses. Smellie, the writer already quoted, gives the subjoined instance:

"Mr. Thomas Parkinson, then a student of medicine in the university of Edinburgh, was accustomed to talk and answer questions in his sleep. The fact was known to his companions. To amuse ourselves, two of us went gently into his chamber while he was asleep. We knew that he was in love with a young lady in Yorkshire, the place of his nativity. We whispered her name repeatedly in his ear. He soon began to toss about his hands, and to speak incoherently. He gradually became more calm and collected. His imagination took the direction we intended. He thought he was stationed under the lady's window, and repeatedly upbraided her for not appearing and speaking to him, as she had so often done on former occasions. At last, he became impatient, started up, laid hold of his books, shoes, and every thing he could easily grasp. Thinking his mistress was asleep, he threw those articles against the opposite wall of his chamber. By what he said, we learned

that his imaginary scene lay in a street, and that he was darting the books and shoes at the lady's window, in order to awake her. She, however, did not appear; and after tiring himself with frequent exertions, he went quietly into bed without awakening. His eyes were nearly shut; and although he freely conversed with us, he did not seem to perceive that any person was present with him. Next day we told him what had happened; but he said that he had only a faint recollection of dreaming about his mistress."

It is consistent with our own knowledge, that many country surgeons, who ride much by night, and pursue a most laborious life generally, sleep perfectly well on horseback. This, however, although a position in which the bodily motion is not entirely passive, is not properly somnambulism. Perhaps the most perfect sleep-walkers were Sir John Moore's soldiers, many of whom, in the disastrous and fatiguing retreat to Corunna, were observed to fall asleep on the march, and yet go on, step by step, with their waking companions. Many tradesmen have been known to get up by night and work for a time at their usual employments, without being at all aware in the morning of what they had done. Gall mentions a miller who did this. One of the most extraordinary cases of this order, however, is that of a student of divinity at Bordeaux, who was accustomed to rise in the nighttime, and to read and write *without the use of his eyes*. This case is stated in the French *Encyclopédie*, under the word *Noctambule*, and is attested by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. This prelate, in order to test the young man, interposed an obstacle between his eyes and the paper on which he was reading or writing, but he read and wrote with equal facility and equal accuracy as before. Macnish, who repeats this story, does not mention the fact of the eyes not being used, though this is the most marvelous feature in the case. The reading may not have been aloud, and may only have been apparent. But as for writing accurately without the use of the eyes, this was certainly a feat which few waking persons could have accomplished. In addition to these cases, many others might be gathered, and particularly from Mr. Macnish's *Anatomy of Sleep*; but that book is so accessible, that it is enough to refer to it for further information. We shall only mention one other case which is there given. It is that of Dr. Blacklock, who "on one occasion rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterward entertained them with a pleasant

song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done." Being blind, his family would have the more and greater difficulty in discovering his unusual condition.

Somnambulism, it was stated at the close of the farm-servant's case, had of late years assumed a new and more interesting aspect. This has arisen from the discovery—if it be allowable to call it a discovery—that animal magnetism is capable of inducing a peculiar state of somnambulism, and that, during the continuance of that state, sensation or sensibility is destroyed. It has been seen that Smellie found the farm maid-servant to have lost sensibility in her arms. This is a statement corroborative of the account given of magnetic somnambulism. Taking advantage of this absence of sensibility, surgeons, it is said, have performed upon magnetic somnambulists the most severe and painful curative operations, without inflicting on the parties a moment's suffering of the slightest kind. The patient's mind, meanwhile, seems in a perfectly sound and active state, but without the power of remembering any thing that passed in the unmagnetized state. A Parisian lady, aged sixty-four, who had a cancerous breast, was magnetized, and it was found that somnambulism could be induced. In her waking state she was deeply averse to the operation; but in her magnetized state it was proposed to her, and she consented at once. The breast was operated upon, and cut off without the slightest seeming pain to her. On waking, she was, it may be believed, much surprised. This case, it has been alleged, is but one of several, where the like has been done; and some of the most respectable medical men of Paris have borne witness to the truth, or at least apparent truth, of these allegations. On this score alone, animal magnetism seems worthy of a full and fair inquiry. It would be a wonderful thing, indeed, if we could arrive at means by which all the painful operations to which the human body is rendered liable by disease or accident, could be performed without suffering to those who undergo them.

Somnambulism, or a tendency to it, most commonly arises from causes not apparent or discoverable. Where it occurs in persons not accustomed to exhibit any such propensity, some disorder of the digestive functions may generally be suspected, and the restoration of these functions to a healthy state may put a stop to the practice. But in confirmed cases, nothing can be done but to lock the doors, bar the

windows, and keep dangerous objects or instruments out of the way; or a cord may be affixed to the bedpost and the arm of the sleep-walker. As a general rule, the somnambulist should be taken to bed before being waked.—*Chambers's Home-Book.*

A CHILD'S FANCIES ABOUT HEAVEN.

BY MISS SERENNA BALDWIN.

SOMETIMES I think of dying, but I don't know how 'twill seem,
Only I think I'll shut my eyes, and go like in a dream;
Then the angels they will meet me, all dressed in shining white,
And take me up to heaven, like a little cloud of light.
Then we'll sail, and keep on sailing, all over lovely bowers,
And I shall smell the sweetness of all the heavenly flowers;
And then we'll hear the music they make on harps of gold,
And see the ancient prophets who lived in days of old;
But we'll go, and keep on going, till we come to God's dear Son;
Then he'll smile, and take me by the hand, and say, "I'm glad you've come;"
Then my mother she will kiss me, and say, "My dear, dear boy,"
And the angels will be very glad to see us have such joy.
Then I'll be like an angel, with a beautiful bright wing,
And a golden harp to play on whenever I shall sing,
And I'll see the sapphire pavement, and the walls of dazzling stone,
And the streets of gold like crystal, and the rainbow round the throne;
And when I'm there in heaven, I'll tell you what I'll do:
In the sky I'll break a little hole, so I can look down and see you.
May be I'll be an angel, and when you come to die,
I'll come with them, and fetch you to our place in the sky.
O won't we be so happy, when we all get there together!
Then all the trouble will be passed, and all the stormy weather.
I never shall get hurt then, nor have an ache or pain,
Nor hear a cross word spoken, nor suffer any blame.

THE DISENCHANTED.

BY MRS. M. C. GARDNER.

You ask me why no more I love
To listen while she softly sings,
Or how, at last, I bear unmoved
The witchery that her presence brings.

I see the dark, exquisite eye,
The jetty bands of shining hair,
The cheek where rose and lily vie,
The faultless form, and regal air.

Most beautiful! and yet in vain
You bid me worship at her shrine;
Not all the treasures of the main
Could tempt me *now* to call her mine!

There is a charm, half undefined,
That makes the plainest features fair;
The peerless beauty of the mind,
The disposition sweet and rare.

Not such the charm that Meta wears!
Go, ask the aged mother why
She trembles when the step she hears
That speaks her beauteous daughter nigh.

See the fair cheek with passion glow,
The angry bosom swelling high,
The frown that clouds her brow of snow,
The lightning in her dark proud eye!

She sings the same delicious air,
In tones as thrilling as of yore;
The olden magic is not there—
The sweet delusion blinds no more.

The hollow heart I know too well;
The selfish breast unmasked I see;
The worshiped star, the queenly belle,
Hath not a single charm for me.

KEEP THE NARROW WAY.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

CHRISTIAN, keep the narrow way
Toward the glorious realms of day!
Let not Satan fright thee back;
Still pursue the shining track.

Let thy course be onward ever;
Let thy courage fail thee never;
Toil thou in the Savior's cause,
Ever clinging to his cross.

What if earth attempt to move thee?
Know thy great Redeemer loves thee!
He has proved himself thy friend;
He will love thee to the end.

And when from thy fainting heart
All the hopes of life depart—
When thy heart beats not again,
Jesus will be with thee then.

BARNUM.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY.

"I have been a farmer's boy and a merchant, a clerk and a manager, a showman and a bank president. I have been in jails and in palaces; have known poverty and abundance; have traveled over a large portion of two continents; have encountered all varieties of men; have seen every phase of human character; and I have been, on several occasions, in imminent peril."—*Preface to Barnum's Autobiography.*

THE *materiale* of this sketch is from the book put forth, with such a flourish of trumpets, by Redfield. The reverse side of the title-page is an advertisement of the American Museum, in the shape of a dedication "To the Universal Yankee Nation," stating that the pages are dated "from the American Museum, where the public first smiled upon me, and where, henceforth, my personal exertion will be devoted to its entertainment." There spoke the showman, and thus he constantly speaks. The book is throughout an advertisement, and the preciousness of the humbug is manifested in this—the public greedily buy it at the exorbitant price of the publisher. If the publishers of this magazine were to issue such a sized and such a "got-up" book at one dollar and twenty-five cents, the public and preachers would never be done grumbling.

Whoever reads the autobiography will imagine that the author had contracted to furnish a book of given size, and found the matter hard to obtain. The first one hundred and five pages contain but little of the author's history. They are almost entirely a rehearsal of "practical jokes" and smart sayings, most of which are ascribed to the wits of Bethel. This may be all right, but subsequent developments teach us that Mr. Barnum thinks nothing of changing the birthplace of subjects to secure a popular hit. And, furthermore, we have glimmering recollections of certain profusely illuminated comic almanacs in which more veracious relations, strangely similar to those gravely located at Bethel and Danbury. The trial of the eccentric minister before the consociation is too much like the case of Rev. Zeb. Twitchell, related by the Knickerbocker, a year or two ago, for us to avoid thinking that either Barnum or Old Knick has "uttered" a literary forgery.

But even this part of the book is useful as a key to the showman's character. It proves that he did not consider deception, when for the sake of gain, fun, or cuteness, as any wrong. This idea, implanted and cultivated in youth, he never lost. His life and history ignore the essential importance of truth. He has acted as though he

believed, with Maximus Tyrius, "there is nothing decorous in truth, save when profitable;" or with Plato, "He may lie who knows how to do so in fit season." These apparently harsh statements will be sustained before this article is finished. We shall see in him examples of untiring energy, indomitable perseverance, with unequalled craft and deception.

Phineas Taylor Barnum was born in the parish of Bethel, town* of Danbury, Connecticut, on the 5th of July, A. D. 1810, and was named after his maternal grandfather, who was so delighted that he immediately executed, in behalf of his namesake, a deed of gift for Ivy Island—a tract of five acres lying in the parish and town aforesaid. The old gentleman was an inveterate wag and practical joker, and being slightly older than his grandson, there seems some probability in Barnum's conclusion, that he "was a chip from the old block." His paternal grandfather was a captain of the Revolutionary militia, and much noted for waggery. Hence he claims to have "come honestly" by his love of fun and "practical jokes."

Early in life began the development of his future character—"the boy was father to the man." He never liked "hard work," but was addicted to "head work," as manifested in *shirking*. The organ of acquisitiveness was large and active. He saved the pennies received from his grandsire, and soon began to "dicker." On "training days" he sat up peddler and sold molasses-candy, called "Cookania," ginger-bread, candies, and cherry rum. Thus he amassed, what then seemed, a princely fortune.

About twelve years of age he made his first trip to New York, in the capacity of assistant to a cattle-drover. The ways and sights of Gotham interested him greatly, especially a toy-shop in the neighborhood of his hotel. Having a whole dollar to spend, he bought a variety of attractive articles. On a second visit he saw others which pleased him better, and he proposed "a swop" to the lady merchant. To this she consented "for a consideration," and received back his first purchases, and he became the happy possessor of a knife, a gun, which would "go off" and propel an arrow, a watch, and a number of torpedoes. Thus equipped, he thought himself an object of envy to the whole city. Making one more visit, he saw a white molasses-candy, far superior to Bethel "Cookania," and he paid out his last eleven cents. Then he proposed another swop, and for candy went, one by one, the gun, the

* Township.

watch, the torpedoes, and the wonderful knife, with gimlet and cork-screw attachment; but still he was unsatisfied. He believed he could make his *nose do* till he reached home, and two handkerchiefs went swiftly down his throat. He finally *footed up* his candy operations by exchanging an extra pair of socks. Returning home his brothers and sisters eagerly demanded a sight of his dollar's worth, but he had only silence to give. His mother searched his pockets and wallet, and found them minus handkerchiefs and socks, and demanded an explanation. The young traveler made a *candi[s]d* statement, and was soundly whipped and sent to bed. Nevertheless, he was long the hero of the village green and school-house; for *had he not been to York?*

He next figured in the capacity of clerk in the Bethel store, where he soon became quite expert in performing the curious dental operation known as "cutting eye-teeth." The bargains he drove must have demanded a spirit not peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of the moral sense. Barnum himself, complacently as he speaks of the tricks of trade, admits the "process was calculated to cut up conscience, morals, and integrity all by the roots."

During this time he engaged in lottery speculations, and gives some useful information as to the "way the thing is done." Those who may intend to invest loose change in patronizing the "wheel of fortune," may profitably study his revelations with some care.

In 1826 Mr. Taylor, of Danbury, removed to Brooklyn, opened a grocery, and tendered Barnum a clerkship. He was now in the transition state from boyhood to manhood—the time when advice is most needed and most despised. He soon became familiar with all the details of the business, but was restless and discontented. He was never happy when under a superior, or receiving a fixed salary—the disposition to personal speculation could not be repressed. In 1827 he caught the small-pox and returned home, uncertain how he would stand in the affections of a pretty Miss Charity Hallett, a Bethel tailoress, who had pleased his fancy in the days of his first clerkship. He saw her, was more deeply smitten than ever, but says, "I did 'not tell my love, but let the worm i' the bud' feed on my pock-marked cheek." Four weeks saw him again in Brooklyn, the proprietor of a porter-house. In a few months he sold out and was clerk in a similar "institution." After a brief service he returned to Bethel and opened, in a building provided by his grandfather, a miscellaneous store, including dry goods, groceries, a barrel of ale, an oyster

depot, and a lottery agency. Here he sold goods and *greenhorns*, and consummated various commercial transactions, which only his convenient notions of honesty could have justified. He also wrote letters for love-lorn swains, who knew not the hieroglyphics, and in some of them showed clearly that he had poetic powers of rare order. Take the following specimen:

"Lucretia, dear, do write to Jack,
And say with Beers you are not smitten;
And then to me, in love, come back,
And give all other boys the mitten.

Do this, Lucretia, and till death
I'll love you with intense distraction;
I'll spend for you my every breath,
And we will live in satisfaction."

Can posterity believe that, touching, pathetic, and Tennysonian as are these lines, the stubborn maid remained incorrigible?

November 8, 1829, he was married to the "pretty tailoress," the public verdict being that she was "too good for Taylor Barnum." The union was a happy one. She was a good wife, and still shares his fortune.

He enlarged his business with good success, and we now see

BARNUM A MARTYR!

In 1831 religious excitement in New England ran very high. Some injudicious professors of religion urged the formation of a "Christian party" in politics, and that none but Christian men should be allowed to hold office. The loud cry, "No Church and state," so often potent with demagogues, was raised. Barnum became frightened! The country was in danger and must be saved, and *he* must save it. He purchased a press and types, and on the 19th of October, 1831, he issued the "HERALD OF FREEDOM." It had the requisite number of exclamation points, and, to the editor, many of them were "notes of admiration." The press must speak out. He felt with the Illinois orator, "The crisis which were to have arose, have arisen." He was faithful to the occasion. He fulminated his thunders, careless of who was scathed. But there comes an end to all things. He denounced a burly butcher, who commenced a prosecution for defamation in several suits. In one, a verdict of guilty was returned, and the belligerent editor was fined one hundred dollars and sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment in the county jail. The room was papered and carpeted, and the prisoner took possession. He found himself a martyr for a great principle; friends flocked in crowds to see him; he edited his paper, and, of course, sympathy made it popular. At the close of his term he

came forth, and his liberation was celebrated by a procession, bands of music, horsemen and footmen, banners, speeches, and buncumb toasts, and thus the martyr was borne to his home. Had he not deserted politics, he was in a fair way to be an available candidate for the Presidency. But in 1834 he ceased editorial life, and having previously sold his mercantile establishment, he was once more afloat.

In the winter of 1834-5 he moved to New York to seek his fortune. He had sustained heavy losses, and to economy he was yet a stranger. His adventures in seeking employment were really amusing in spite of his disappointments. Failing to obtain a feasible mercantile situation, he looked about, hoping, like Micawber and Mr. Titus Trumpe, that "something would turn up." To prevent absolute want, he served as drummer to several stores. He eagerly examined the long columns of advertised "wants." According to these disinterested and trustworthy statements, fortunes were to be made in a day or two, or those already made were to be had in plenty. 'Twas laughable to see the future humbugger making his way up three or four dismal stairways and knocking at No. 80, and there ascertaining the fortune could be made by peddling some infallible life pills "on shares;" becoming agent for a self-acting mouse-trap or the extraordinary great hydro-oxygen microscope. This dancing attendance on advertised wants, with drumming variations, continued all winter, when, receiving several hundred dollars from his agent in Bethel, he opened a private boarding-house. This yielded a support.

We now reach the commencement of his grand showman-life. A gentleman mentioned the name of Joice Heth, and gave him some of the particulars of her history. She was a negress, who professed to be one hundred and sixty-one years of age, and to have been the nurse of General Washington. The proof of these statements was the testimony of the Bowling family, with whom she had lived, and a *bona-fide* autograph bill of sale by Augustus Washington. The latent showman was roused; he visited the old creature. He found a miserable-looking object, whose limbs were drawn, and who was withered and dried till she scarcely weighed forty pounds. So far as looks were concerned, she might have passed for twin-sister to Gliddon's mummy. He examined the testimony in favor of her advanced age, and it seemed to make a "strong case." He conversed with her. She professed to be a Baptist, and sang or repeated many hymns, only to be found in the Baptist Psalmody of the preceding

century. She narrated many incidents of the Washington family, and as for "dear little George," she dressed him the first time he ever had clothes on him, and, in fact, she "raised him." Barnum was convinced, or professed to be, that she really was "George Washington's mammy;" at all events he knew he could make the people think so, and make money by the operation. So he bought her and commenced exhibition at Niblo's, assisted by one Lyman, a shrewd fellow, whose legal training, instead of making him a judge, made him deputy showman. Pamphlet lives of Joice were written; "printer's ink" was used *ad libitum*; patriotism was invoked, physiology appealed to, editors sanctioned the show, and the receipts were \$1,500 per week. He made a tour of the principal cities, and when the rush began to abate he caused a card to be published, denouncing the whole affair as an imposture, stating that Joice was only an ingenious automaton. This absurd rumor caused thousands to visit her, and induced many to pay a second visit, that they might see whether they had been humbugged.

At last the old creature died, and a post-mortem examination, made by a physician who had been personally interested in the moon-hoax, exhibited none of the ossification essential to such advanced age. Immediately rang the cry of humbug! Lyman played off one or two ludicrous hoaxes upon Bennett of the New York Herald, and he has never forgiven Barnum therefor. The showman insists that he purchased Joice in good faith, believing in her antiquity. Perhaps so.

His next show was a foreigner named Antonio, a sort of Signor Blitz. To give him a more transatlantic prestige, the plain Antonio gave way to the more patrician Signor Vivalla; and he also gave out that he had specially imported him. When the fellow was *encored* Barnum would appear and regret that the Signor's inability to speak English made it necessary for him to express his gratitude, etc. And yet he admits that the fellow spoke the language very well, having spent several years in England. He also arranged that Vivalla should be challenged by another expert to a public trial of skill. Bets ran high, the public crowded to the performance and alternately cheered the rivals, who, in the pay of the arch-deceiver, "worked together" in fleecing their dupes. These are Barnum's morals!

The Vivalla humbug was finally merged in a traveling circus, Barnum and old Turner managers. Turner was as inveterate a joker as Barnum. At Annapolis Barnum was promenading in a new suit of black. Turner told the citizens

that he was "E. K. Avery, the murderer of Miss Cornell." The indignation immediately boiled over. They seized him, tore his new coat off, and commanded him to stride a rail, promising him some tar and feathers. He insisted upon explanation; they were too furious; but accidentally some one called him "Avery," and he saw the hoax. He persuaded them to return in company with him to the hotel to see Turner, who met them laughing, and succeeded in persuading the mob to take the joke good-naturedly, and consoled Barnum by telling him he only sought to give notoriety to the circus. According to Barnum's code there was surely no wrong in this. "What measure ye mete shall be measured to you again." The circus was a losing business. He became involved in serious legal difficulty on account of his associates, and after rambling over the south-west, conveying his *troupe* now by wagon and now by steamer, at last he reached Opelousas, where the steamer was exchanged for sugar and molasses, the company disbanded, and, on the 4th of June, 1838, Barnum reached home, disgusted with the life of an itinerant showman.

He advertised for a partner in some safe business, stating that he had \$2,500 to invest. He received ninety-three answers, containing a variety of propositions from patent-medicine men, pawn-brokers, lottery men, etc. After all he was humbugged. An alderman introduced to him as an honest, enterprising man, a German named Proler, a manufacturer of Cologne-water, bear's-oil, paste and water-proof blacking. Proler manufactured and Barnum sold and kept the books. They sold *on long time*, and soon the \$2,500 were absorbed, and then the result of credit began to appear "deeply, darkly, and beautifully blue." Proler ultimately bought the entire establishment, giving his note for \$2,600. Before paying it, however, he was seized with an irresistible longing to visit his "fader-land," and to seeing "home again" amid the scenes of his childhood. So he sailed for Rotterdam, leaving his business with his quondam partner, as follows:

Liabilities.—Note of hand for \$2,600

Assets.—1. One very good recipe for making Cologne-water.

2. One recipe for making genuine bear's grease—without the bear. No common article, but the *real genuine*, that will cover a head in the situation of Uncle Ned's, with rich, glossy, curly hair, as quickly as any other composition.

3. One recipe for paste premium blacking.

4. One recipe for water-proof paste blacking.

Balance in Barnum's favor being a considerable

amount of experience, or "bought wit." Price not known.

To overcome these disasters he opened a saloon at the Vauxhall Gardens, but it did not pay. He turned showman again, traveling with a company of singers and theatrical performers. This had some success and adventures, among which was being sent to jail at Pittsburg in default of \$500 bail, in a suit for a pipe of brandy, which—the suit, not the brandy—he says was malicious.

Home again. He attempted to make a fortune with Sears's Pictorial Bible. Advertised largely, made great sales, and sunk all his profits by trusting irresponsible agents. Finding the Bible did not suit his trading tactics, he again tried the Vauxhall saloon, and again failed. He now eked out a scanty support for his family by writing advertisements and puffs for Bowery theater, at four dollars a week. This pittance was increased by his contributions to the Sunday press. He was at the bottom of the ladder. He had tried to live by his wits and was on the verge of hopeless bankruptcy.

Just at this time the American Museum was advertised for sale by the administrator. "Our hero" told a friend he meant to buy it. "You buy the American!" was the astonished reply, "what with?" "With brass; for silver and gold have I none," said Barnum. He had several interviews with Mr. Olmstead, a wealthy, retired merchant; and by pledging, among other securities, his valuable domain of Ivy Island, which was simply an unmitigated swamp, he secured a promise that Mr. Olmstead would purchase it for him and give him time to make payment. He called on the administrator, and the agreement was made for \$12,000. To his surprise he was informed, shortly after this, that the Directors of Peal's Museum, an incorporated company, had purchased it for \$15,000, and had paid \$1,000, to be forfeited unless the balance was paid by the 26th of December. Here was the wreck of his hopes. For a little while he felt as if paralyzed by the blow. But he gathered his energy, ascertained the terms of the contract, and made a secret bargain with the administrator, by which the Museum was to be secured to him on the terms agreed upon through Mr. Olmstead, in case the company failed to redeem their paper on the day it fell due. He then made diligent inquiry, and ascertained where were the weak points of the company which was about to consolidate the two museums. He then deliberately went to work to squib the thing to death. Several sympathizing editors gave him the use of their columns, and never did the London Punch more mercilessly

"show up" Lord Aberdeen than did Barnum the Museum company. The stock was rendered worthless. The company sent for him a few days before Christmas and offered him \$3,000 per year to manage the united museums—salary and service to commence January first. He agreed to their terms and retired; *they* rejoicing that they had bought him off; *he* chuckling silently to think he had *sold them*. The 26th came on; the Directors felt no uneasiness, and did not even wait upon the administrator. The next morning early Barnum *did*, in company with Olmstead and an attorney, and secured the American. The Directors knew nothing of the transaction, and did not dream that their \$1,000 were forfeited, till they received the following note; then it was too late:

"AMERICAN MUSEUM, DEC. 27, 1841.

"To the President and Directors of the N. Y. Museum:

"GENTLEMEN,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that you are placed upon the free list of this establishment till further notice.

"P. T. BARNUM, Proprietor."

They now realized their defeat and the loss of one thousand dollars.

Now began the development of the showman's powers of economy, perseverance, and humbug. His payments were to be made by a certain time or all forfeited, and he had shown how that thing could be managed. He lived on the cheapest food, denied himself of luxuries, worked incessantly, and in one year had paid all claims out of the profits alone, and *owned* the Museum. He enlarged the lecture-room and converted it into a regular theater, which character it still sustains. He has largely increased the number and variety of objects on exhibition, and varied with performances by "industrious fleas, [mirabile!] educated dogs, jugglers, automatons, ventriloquists, living statuary, tableaux, gipsies, Albinoes, fat boys, giants, dwarfs, rope-dancers, live Yankees, Ethiopians, panoramas, dioramas, dissolving views, 'model of Niagara with real water,' bearded women," etc. "Printer's ink," cuts and advertisements, puffs, abuse, and certificates have all been employed without stint. If a rival was troublesome he was privately bought out, and the two establishments placed apparently in furious opposition, and Barnum pocketed the proceeds of both. To this mode of financiering we can not give the *quasi* approval, so common with the press. It is wrong; it is obtaining money on false pretenses, and a deliberate, protracted employment of falsehood.

Take his woolly-horse humbug. He found in Cincinnati an "Indian nag," which was a veritable curiosity. He bought and sent it home, un-

certain how he would use it. Colonel Fremont and his party had been reported as lost, but the mails announced them as safe. Here Barnum saw an opening. In a few days the papers were announcing that the Colonel had succeeded in capturing a nondescript horse, which would soon be sent home. A few weeks later and there was advertised Colonel Fremont's nondescript, or woolly horse, for exhibition; that he was made up of elephant, deer, horse, buffalo, and camel, and was the richest specimen of curiosity *ever received from California*. This deception was willful and deliberate. It was no "practical joke;" it was sustained and continued imposture.

Akin was the cheat of the Fejee Mermaid. This was an ingeniously contrived and executed affair—half fish, half woman. A systematic succession of newspaper notices and discussions set Gotham all agog. In the midst of the stir arrived Barnum's old confederate, Lyman, now Dr. Griffin, late of Pernambuco, agent of the English Lyceum of Natural History. This gentleman, after "repeated solicitations," kindly consented to remain a few days and exhibit this wonder of the deep! Can any special pleading conceal the infamy of so deliberate and complicated a falsity? Yet Barnum seems to this day to glory in it. No wonder, for the first four weeks it was on exhibition in the museum, the receipts were \$3,341.93. *That* covers a multitude of—

Next he speculated with Tom Thumb. This was a dwarf of five years of age, whose parents were named Stratton, and resided in Bridgeport. Barnum saw there was money in him, and made an immediate engagement with his parents. The boy was no longer to be a child, but a show. He must become pert and be a stunted man. Barnum trained him personally. Then came an announcement that he would exhibit "General Tom Thumb, a dwarf of eleven years, and just arrived from England." This was multiplying his age by two, "with one to carry," and transferring his birthplace across the Atlantic. What was this? Was it merely "sharp?" or was it a *keen* humbug only? or shall we take God's law and enlightened conscience? If so, then we denigrate it deliberate falsehood for money.

Tom was taken to England; by successful intriguing was admitted, with his keeper, to the royal palace more than once, and both loaded with gifts. But the main object was to make a sight of Tom Thumb an aristocratic and fashionable necessity, and in this he succeeded. Crowds flocked to his levees. The carriages of the gifted and titled stood at his door. He was also carried through Ireland and into France, where he also

was admitted to the royal household and ran a successful "engagement." This was a bold and successful venture. After the return to the States, a remunerative tour was made. Tom Thumb made Barnum a fortune.

We now come to his great scheme—the most signal for its success and the boldness of the means employed. In Europe he heard the fame of Jenny Lind, but had never heard her sing. Yet he conceived the idea of bringing her to America, and giving a series of concerts in the United States and Havanna. Maturing his plan, he dispatched a Mr. Welton to England to engage the Nightingale, giving him a schedule of instructions. The contract was finally closed, and on these conditions: Jenny was to come over and give one hundred and fifty concerts. She was to be attended by a servant as waiting-maid, a male servant of herself and party, a friend as traveling companion, a secretary, who was to manage her financial business, and these were to be furnished by Barnum; he was to pay all traveling expenses, hotel bills, provide a carriage, all traveling facilities to be first-class, and Miss Jenny was to be paid one thousand dollars, in good money, for each concert. In addition, he was to pay Mr. Julius Benedict £5,000 sterling as pianist and musical director, and assistant at her concerts, and £2,500 to Mr. Giovanni Belletti, baritone vocalist. Jenny was to have the privilege of giving concerts for charitable purposes, which were to pay their own expenses; otherwise Barnum was to pay all the expenses of the concerts and to make all arrangements.

The men of Wall-street said that this speculation would ruin him. But heavy as were these expenses—and he calculated them all—he was always confident. He knew it would succeed. In his calculations he reckoned largely on the fame Jenny's love of the poor and deeds of charity would inspire in the American mind. Amid the cluster of her brilliant attractions "the greatest of all was charity." It was to relieve the poor, comfort the sick, "educate the orphan," and fill Barnum's pocket.

The enthusiasm of the populace at Jenny's landing has been told too often to need repetition. The first concert came on, and the sale of tickets convinced Barnum that the profits would be greater than was at first imagined, and he proposed to Jenny an increase in her "allowance." This, he admits, was simply a stroke of policy, to impress her with an idea of his magnanimity and generosity. The new contract also provided that she might terminate the engagement at the one hundredth instead of the one hundred and

fiftieth concert, by paying him a forfeit of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The proceeds of the first concert were \$17,864.05. The sale of the first ticket to the latter, Genin, for \$225, caused much remark. Between him and the showman there was, no doubt, an understanding. Barnum says, "Our relations are merely those of *business and friendship*." It accomplished two things; it made it fashionable to bid "high" for the first choice of seat, and made Genin notorious, and thus made his fortune.

The company passed through the principal cities of the Union, and met unparalleled success, till they had given ninety-three concerts, when the contract was dissolved—Jenny paying him seven thousand dollars in addition to the \$25,000 forfeited.

The total receipts of the concert tour were \$712,161.34. Jenny's share was \$176,675; Barnum's, \$535,486.25.

Barnum's labors, during this time, were almost incredible. He had the press to manage; public opinion to manufacture; currency and exchange to see after; buildings and lodgings to provide; a heavy correspondence to conduct; hence we can believe him when he says that he received with much delight the notice closing the contract.

His subsequent history has been quite varied. He has not always succeeded. The fire-annihilator was a sad failure. His efforts to galvanize life into the New York Crystal Palace Association were fruitless. It was dead before he touched it, and he simply failed to make it "arise and walk." The public had, long before his time, included it with Dickens's "Grand United Metropolitan, Hot-Muffin and Crumpet-Baking, and Punctual Delivery Company," and neither his "printer's ink," nor his grand inauguration, nor Independence-day celebration could save it.

Thus we have rapidly traced the outline of a career which is one of the marvels of the times. We have spoken plainly because we wish to be truthful; because we believe that the influence of his character, baptized, as it is, with pecuniary success and newspaper commendation, is baleful and yet fascinating; because, while we remember, with due honor, industry, economy, perseverance, and earnestness, we can not sanction duplicity, nor praise persistent deception. The most we can say is, that Phineas Taylor Barnum has been an unscrupulous and successful manipulator of public gullibility; but he has some redeeming traits of character. If he had not, he would be a monster. If he would now be a reformer, let him go and make restitution of his ill-gotten gains.

THE LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF MRS. SIGOURNEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is something in the personal character and history of Mrs. Sigourney—something in the general tone and spirit of her writings that would almost disarm criticism, even if occasion might here and there be found for its exercise. There is nothing in her spirit to provoke it; while on the other hand, the elevated moral tone, the deep and all-pervading religious sentiment, and the chastened, sympathizing, and subdued feeling that characterizes it, enshrine her genius as with so many sacred defenses, and defenses, too, so sacred that the attempt to break through them would seem almost sacrilegious. Coupled, as these elements are, with intrinsic worth, they not only disarm criticism, but excite a strong interest in her productions.

One trait in her literary productions can not fail to strike the attention and call forth the commendation of every reader, and that is the constant preservation of her womanly identity. She never loses the woman in the writer. Sometimes contact with the public, through the press, tends to obliterate the shrinking delicacy of woman's nature, or it becomes overtopped by the subtle spirit of ambitious aspiring. Contact with the public for nearly forty years has wrought nothing of this in Mrs. Sigourney; nor has the applause murmured by myriad tongues in both hemispheres. Her womanly delicacy gilds every page traced by her pen, and sheds a beautiful halo around her genius. For this we commend her; and in this she is a more happy example of what a female writer ought to be than almost any other that the age has produced.

One great cause of the preservation of this character, is to be found in the fact that she uniformly employs her pen with one great and paramount object; namely, that of doing good. "It is always to commend what is beautiful, to honor religion, to inculcate morality, to elevate the character of her sex, to administer comfort to bleeding hearts, to discourage false views of life, to promote social harmony, to honor the affections, to express gratitude, to excite veneration for things, present or past, that deserve veneration, to paint natural sorrows or pure joys, to fill the atmosphere around her with hopes that 'make not ashamed' and desires that need no chastening—that Mrs. Sigourney writes." She seems ever true to this principle. Mere freaks of imagination she never essays. She always has a lesson to teach, a moral to inculcate, or a religious senti-

ment to nurture—the object is apparent throughout, and she never once deviates from it. The solidity of her reputation, the affectionate regard in which she is held by the wise and good everywhere, result, in a great measure, from her almost instinctive adherence to this great principle. This is the reason why her name has become a household word in all lands where Christian virtues are cherished; and we may say of her as she has sung of Mrs. Hemans:

"Every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities;
The hoary sire shall bow his deafened ear,
And greet thy sweet words with his benison;
The mother shrine thee as a vestal flame
In the lone temple of her sanctity;
And the young child who takes thee by the hand,
Shall travel with a surer step to heaven."

In her poem—*The Muse*—she has the conception of the spirit of poesy as a welcome friend accompanying her from childhood up to later years. Thus it came in childhood:

"When first it would steal o'er my infantine hour,
With a buzz or a song, like a bee in a flower,
With its ringing rhythm, and its measured line,
What it was I could scarce divine;
Calling so oft from my sports and plays,
To some nook in the garden, away, away,
To a mound of turf which the daisies crown,
Or a vine-wreathed summer-house, old and brown,
On the lilac's green leaf, with a pin, to grave
The tinkling chime of the words it gave."

Like a faithful friend, her muse bears her company as years multiply, and, conscious of its purity, she already anticipates it as a companion in heaven:

"And now though my life from its zenith doth wane,
And the wreaths of its morning grow scentless and vain,
And many a friend who its pilgrimage blest,
Have fallen from my heart and gone down to their rest;
Yet still by my side, unforgetful and true,
Is the being that walked with me all the way through.
She doth cling to the High Rock wherein is my trust;
Let her chant to my soul when I go to the dust;
Hand in hand with the faith that my Savior hath given,
Let her kneel at his feet mid the anthems of heaven."

The late A. H. Everett, one of the finest scholars and best critics this country has produced, says of Mrs. Sigourney's writings: "They express, with great purity and evident sincerity, the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art as well as in nature." He also adds: "If her powers of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton or a Christian Pindar. But though she does not inherit

"The force and ample pinion that the Theban eagles bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion through the liquid vaults
of air,"

she nevertheless manages language with ease and eloquence, and often with much of the *curiosa felicitas*, that 'refined felicity' of expression which is, after all, the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems she has written in this measure have not unfrequently much of the manner of Wordsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers."

It has sometimes been objected that Mrs. Sigourney rarely ever looks at nature or human life from any other than one position. To us this objection has no force so long as it is conceded that that position is the true stand-point from which all just views of nature and human life are to be obtained. That the grave, the elegiac predominate in her writings, she herself admits; but silences the objector by that true saying of Lord Bacon: "We shall find as many hearse-like harmonies as carols if we listen to the harp of David." But her elegiac strains are not those of gloom or despair, but rather of hopeful, trusting sympathy.

It has been well said that "her muse has been a comforter to the mourner. No poet has written such a number of these songs, nor are these of necessity melancholy. Many of hers sound the notes of holy triumph and awaken the highest anticipations of felicity; ay,

'Teach us of the melody of heaven.'

She leaves not the trophy of death at the tomb, but shows us 'the resurrection and the life.' Thus she elevates the hopes of the Christian and chastens the thought of the worldly-minded. This is her mission, the true purpose of her heaven-endowed mind; for the inspirations of genius are from heaven, and, when not perverted by a corrupt will, rise upward as naturally as the morning dew on the flower is exhaled to the skies."

We have a fine illustration of the almost enlivening tones of her muse when treating of such dread subjects as death and the grave in the stanzas, "A Butterfly on a Child's Grave:"

"A butterfly bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
'Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the church-yard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
'I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?"

There is a translucent purity of thought and

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feeling displayed in all her delineations of the domestic and religious affections. Her sympathies are here poured forth with all the intensity of her womanly nature. Her constructive power, her creative genius, though not of the highest order—not of that order that stands aloof from the ordinary modes of human thought, and refuses the practical lessons of experience, is by no means deficient. In her prose writings she displays a distinctness and breadth of perception, a force of argument, an aptness of illustration, and a ready command of choice and expressive words which indicate no ordinary powers of mind. She describes nature, too, and deciphers its great lessons with a delicate and truthful appreciation. These traits make her prose productions popular and useful. Poetry is her true element. Here she is at home, and her genius brightens in the smile of the muses. We can not wonder, as she was seized by the spell or borne away by the inspirations of the muse, that she should say:

"Methought 'twas no folly such garlands to twine,
As could brighten life's cares, and its pleasures refine."

Her prose writings will live long and do much good; her letters to mothers, to young ladies, to her pupils, and that genial, delightful production—*Past Meridian*—are works that will not soon die. But her fame will rest on her poetical and not on her prose writings. In the world of literature, in coming ages, she will be known as a poet; nor will it be by that name almost invidiously attached to her—though kindly intended—"the Mrs. Hemans of America;" for Mrs. Sigourney has as true an identity in the world of literature as Mrs. Hemans; and we doubt not that her recognition, by future ages, as a truly inspired poet will be as hearty and as enduring.

Does any one doubt whether true pathos—deep and holy pathos—is to be found in the lines of Mrs. Sigourney? let him read the poem entitled "To-Morrow," or "The Emigrant Mother," or "Unspoken Language," or "The Mohawk Warrior," or others of a similar character. We doubt whether Wordsworth ever produced any thing that speaks more tenderly or stronger to the heart than "The Emigrant Mother" and "To-Morrow." Let us take a single scene from "Unspoken Language:"

"I had a friend
Beloved in halcyon days, whom stern disease
Smote ere her prime.

In curtain'd room she dwelt,
A lingerer, while each lingering moon convey'd
Some treasured leaflet of our hope away.
The power that with the tissue'd lungs doth dwell,
Sweetly to wake the modulating lip,

Was broken; but the violet-tinctured eye
Acquired new pathos.

When the life-tide crept
Cold through its channels, o'er her couch I bent.
There was no sound. But in the upraised glance
Her loving heart held converse, as with forms
Not of this outer world. Unearthly smiles
Gave earnest beauty to the pallid brow;
While ever and anon the emaciate hand
Spread its white fingers, as it fain would clasp
Some object hovering near.

The last faint tone
Was a fond sister's name, one o'er whose grave
The turf of years had gathered. Was she there—
That disembodied dear one? Did she give
The lips of welcome to the occupant
Of her own infant cradle?

So 'twould seem.
But that fix'd eye no further answer deigned,
Its earthly mission o'er. Henceforth it spake
The spirit-lore of immortality."

Strength of expression as well as striking imagery are by no means wanting in Mrs. Sigourney's poems. Take the following description of the woodman. We can hardly conceive how any thing can be more compact or expressive.

"He lifts his puny arm,
And every echo of the ax doth hew
The iron heart of centuries away."

Take another specimen from the poem on
"Friendship with Nature:"

"Regard not time's brief tyranny, O man!
Made in God's image; but uplift thy brow,
And by the glory of the inward light
Which falls on Nature's dial night and day,
Mark out thy journey to the realms of love."

Take also the following passage from the
"Unrifled Cabinet:"

"In the mind's storehouse, gold we had, and gems
Gather'd from many a tome. The key we gave
To Memory, and she hath betrayed her trust.
For when we ask her, she saith that years
And sleepless cares disturbed her, till she lost
Our stewardship of thought."

Surely it was no feeble power of thought that gave birth to conceptions so noble, and wrought them into a combination of such beauty and strength. They would not sully the page of Milton; and found among the gems of Wordsworth or Mrs. Hemans, the friends of either would be proud to own them.

Standing upon the bank of that mighty cataract, in the agony of her admiration, Mrs. Butler exclaimed, "O God! who can describe Niagara?" Let the reader drink in the inspiration and grandeur of the following lines from Mrs. Sigourney's poem entitled "Niagara," and then answer:

"Flow on forever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud

Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift
The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys
Or fleeting triumphs, mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he hath need to sleep,
Sometimes, like a spent laborer, calling home
His boisterous billows, from their vexing play,
To a long, dreary calm; but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.
The morning stars that hailed creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,
That wait the mandate of the day of doom
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed
Upon thy rocky scroll.

Thou dost speak
Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop
From his right hand—bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in him."

We hesitate not to say that for grandeur and beauty of imagery, for strength and felicity of expression, this poem has rarely been surpassed. It thrills the soul like the voice of the cataract itself.

The genial and sympathetic nature of the poet is well expressed in the following paragraph from a poem addressed to "The Teacher." She is seconding the plea made by the young and joyous ones for a holiday:

"It is well
To mingle sunbeams with the seed that sows
The immortal mind. Damp sorrow's moody mist
Doth quell the aspiring thought, and steal away
Childhood's young wealth of happiness, that God
Gave as its birthright. Strive to blend the glow
Of gladness with thy discipline, and urge
Duty by love. Remember how the blood
Coursed through their own quick veins, when life was new,
Nor make the isthmus 'twixt the boy and man
A bridge of sighs."

We had made additional selections illustrative of other traits of Mrs. Sigourney's genius as a poet, but have not space for them here. We will only add, that the healthy moral energy which is diffused throughout her poems as well as prose writings, is constantly stealing into the reader's mind; it comes like a spirit influence—soft, gentle, but powerful. It indicates the presence of the real poet; it possesses the power of imparting greater strength and a holier tone to the better sentiments and sympathies of the heart; its drawings are ever upward and heavenward.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

SYMMETRICAL STRUCTURE OF THE SCRIPTURES, OR SCRIPTURE PARALLELISM.—Since the days of Bishop Lowth the parallelisms of the Bible have formed a favorite theme of inquiry with Biblical students. That eminent scholar thought he traced in the poetical parts of Scripture a correspondence between the different clauses of the same sentence, phrase answering to phrase, and thought to thought. This correspondence of different clauses he found to be sometimes identical, sometimes gradational—that is, the same thought carried further—and sometimes antithetic; and he applied the rules thus suggested to the explanation of the Psalms and Proverbs. Bishop Jebb extended these inquiries, and found that the principle was applicable to much of the prose of Scripture, and especially of the New Testament. More recent inquirers have gone further still. Mr. Boys, in his *Tactica Sacra* and *Key to the Book of Psalms*, shows that parallelism is found not only in sentences, but in entire paragraphs of Scripture, and even in epistles.

Dr. Forbes* goes still further. He thinks that the whole Bible is written under the influence of the law of parallelism; and that this law is like one of the grand generalizations of modern science—a discovery of the last importance to the student. It explains the meaning; it determines the text; it solves difficulties of history and chronology to an extent beyond what its most sanguine friends had previously dreamed.

We can illustrate this principle of Scripture parallelism no better than by making an application of it, according to the parallelists, to the decalogue. The law consists, as all know, of ten commands, and is divided into two tables. It is not agreed, however, what the ten are, or how they are to be divided. The Masorets, Augustine, the Roman and Lutheran Churches, unite the first and second command—sometimes deleting the second—and divide the tenth into two, reckoning three commands in the first table and seven in the second. The division of Origen, adopted by most Protestants, places four in the first and six in the second. Nor do any of those authorities trace any close connection between the commands themselves.

On the other hand, the parallelists profess to discover striking connections not only between the commands, but also important significance in the numbers of the commands. But to illustrate these points. Dr. Forbes thinks that the division of the decalogue is twofold, threefold, sevenfold, and tenfold, and that the different portions are intimately connected. His conclusions will be more readily comprehended if we give them in a tabular form.

*THE SYMMETRICAL STRUCTURE OF SCRIPTURE; or, the Principles of Scripture Parallelism, Exemplified in an Analysis of the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, and other Passages of the Sacred Writings. By the Rev. John Forbes, LL. D., Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark 1854. 8vo. Pp. 364.

FIRST TABLE.

- I. God is to be honored and loved in himself.
 - I. I am the Lord thy God,
Which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.
Thou shalt have no other God before me.
- II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.
- III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. For the Lord will not hold him guiltless, That taketh his name in vain.
- IV.
 1. a. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
 2. b. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work,
 3. c. But the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.
 4. In it thou shalt not do any work—Thou (1) Nor thy son (2) nor thy daughter (3) Nor thy man-servant (4) nor thy maid-servant (5) Nor thy cattle (6) Nor the stranger that is within thy gates (7)
 5. b. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is.
 6. c. And rested the seventh day:
 7. a. Wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.
2. God is to be honored in those to whom he gives honor.
 - V. Honor thy father and thy mother,
That thy days may be long in the land
Which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

BROTHERLY LOVE. SECOND TABLE.

3. God is to be loved in those who are made in his image.
 - VI. Thou shalt not kill.
 - VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
 - VIII. Thou shalt not steal.
 - IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
 - X.
 - Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house (1)
 - Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife (2)
 - Nor his man-servant (3) nor his maid-servant (4)
 - Nor his ox (5) nor his ass (6)
 - Nor any thing that is thy neighbor's. (7.)

This twofold division—first and second tables—implies, as always, antithetic relation—God and man, piety and morality; and the connection between the two. The five commands of each table imply—as five always does—the imperfection of each apart from the other. The threefold division—1, 2, 3—indicates, as always, the completeness of the whole, God and man, the two extremes, and our earthly parents—to whom filial piety is due—connecting us with both. The sevenfold enumeration of particulars in commands IV and X is instructive, seven being a perfect number, and moreover the number of the covenant. Other divisions again may be noticed:

thoughts, words, deeds, are enjoined and prohibited under both tables. The whole is made up of seventeen triplets. The series of commands to which the decalogue itself belongs—Exodus xxi, xxiii—make seven groups of ten commands each, and some have even arranged the whole of the precepts of the Jewish dispensation under seventy times seven, or four hundred and ninety in all.

It will be noticed in the fourth command that parallelism shows the reason for each precept: 1, 2, 3, (a, b, c,) answering to 5, 6, 7, (b, c, a.)

We give our readers this glimpse of the system of Scripture parallelism, but without any design of indorsing it in the extent to which it has been carried. We can not believe that any such mechanical or mathematical combination of sentences ever entered into the designs of the sacred writers. Combination, harmony, and dependence of parts there undoubtedly are in the sacred writings; but we must confess that such a studied mechanical combination as is here suggested would add nothing to the value of the sacred Scriptures in our estimation. Nay, we must confess ourself so far "behind the age" of "progressive Biblical interpretation," that we can regard it only as a fanciful chimera—affording a pleasing exercise for the imagination, and, in fine, rather innocent and useful unless pushed to an extreme.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.—Every body has read the "Cotter's Saturday Night," which, if Burns had written nothing else, would have made his name immortal. The poem opens with a description of "the toil-worn cotter" returning to his home on a shortening winter's day. The weekly moil being at an end, the cattle, mired and weary, are retreating from the plow, and the "blackening trains o' crows" are speeding away to the distant woodlands. The spade, the mattock, and the hoe are laid aside, and the rest of the Scottish Sabbath is looked for hopefully.

And now, rising in the distance over the moor, the lowly cot appears, sheltered by an aged tree. The children, "expectant wee things," are seen "wi' flitcherins' noise an' glee," "todlin stachet through, to meet their dad." He reaches the house; and there the cheerful fire, "blinkin bonnillie," and the clean hearthstone, his thrifty wife's smile, and the lisping infant prattling on his knee,

"Do a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' mak him quite forget his labor and his toil."

Then, by and by, the elder "bairns" come dropping in, one after another, from the neighboring farmers, in whose service they are engaged. The brothers and sisters meet with joy unfeigned, and kindly inquire for each other's welfare, and severally relate what they have heard and seen. The mother, "wi' her needle an' her sheers," is making old clothes look almost as well as new. The father mixes admonition. The young folks are warned to obey the command of their master and mistress, to mind their labors with a diligent hand, "to fear the Lord alway," to mind their duty in the morning and evening, to implore his counsel and assistance; and they are encouraged to hope that they shall not seek his face in vain.

The cheerful supper is next introduced, crowning the simple board; "the halesome parritch," and "the sopp their only hawkie does afford," the pure and simple meal of the Scottish peasantry, and worthy the notice of pampered stomachs burning with indigestion.

But the following scene crowns the whole, in its matchless simplicity and beauty:

"The cheefu' supper done," a wide circle is formed

around the ingle, and seriousness instinctively spreads over every face. "The sire," laying aside his bonnet, carefully turns over "the big ha' Bible," once the property and the pride of his father. He next selects a portion—Psalm—with judicious care, and solemnly commences the evening service with, "Let us worship God;" when all unite to chant their artless notes to the wild warbling measures of "Dundee," or "Plaintive Martyrs," or "Noble Elgin," the sweetest lays of Scotia.

"Compared with these, Italian trills are tame,"

and have no unison with the praise of our great Creator.

The sacred page is next read by "the priest-like father;" and the portion is of "Abraham the friend of God," or Moses warring with Amalek's ungracious progeny, or "Job's pathetic plaint," or "rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire."

"Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How he, who bore in heaven the sacred name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head."

The Scriptures having been read, they kneel to "heaven's eternal King," while

"The saint, the father, and the husband prays;"

and hope exultingly springs up in each member of that lovely circle, that they shall all meet again in future days:

"No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear."

What a delightful picture is here presented for our eye to gaze upon! And who, we ask, can look steadily upon it, and not discern its charms, and feel its earnest appeal to his judgment and his heart?

"Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art;
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!"

Do we wonder that the great chief of Israel's armies should resolve that "his house should serve the Lord," or that a king should "return to bless his household?" The tenderest associations are identified with the family altar. It is there the Christian father deepens the reproof or counsel he has given to his child. It is there he seeks to check the progress of corruption, and foster the early developments of grace. The family crosses and rods, as well as its triumphs and its joys, are all carried to that hallowed spot, and there "sanctified by the word of God and prayer." No new duty is entered upon, no old one is prosecuted, without a daily baptism at the family altar. It is there the father commends the child to God, when he is leaving the parental roof to tread the untrod paths of the world, and remembers him ever after, however distant. And the family altar becomes the solace and the stay of the absent one, amid the bruises of the thorny path of life. And then when death stealthily approaches, and puts out one of the lights of their habitation, the family altar becomes the fountain whence wounded hearts can draw heavenly consolation; and "the valley of Achor," where the echo of the loved one's voice is heard.

The altar in the family is like the compass in the ship—its guide; like the sun in the heavens—its light; like a stream in the desert—its solace; like the lightning-rod to the building—warding off all evil. It checks vice in the family, heals breaches in the house, cherishes domestic affections, sanctifies domestic bereavements, and when all else fails, and every comfort is withdrawn, and

every endeared one is passed into eternity, it is the spot where the only surviving member may repose, and revel in the most interesting reminiscences, and luxuriate in the most brilliant prospects.

So simple, so beautiful, so endeared by a thousand interesting associations, shall we venture to put this among our "neglected things?" We fear we must—not, indeed, for the sake of making a chapter, or filling a page, but simply because it is in real life frequently slighted and neglected.

We rejoice to be able to certify, as the result of careful observation in the walks of Christian life, that there are hundreds and thousands of godly families who conscientiously attend to this duty; but in others it is criminally set aside. Perhaps it is observed in the morning, and omitted in the evening; or neglected in the morning, and attended to in the evening.

It has been said, that "those families who pray, do well; those who read and pray, do better; and those who sing, and read, and pray, do best of all." In many cases the reading of the Scriptures is omitted altogether. In other cases some members of the family are overlooked in this duty. "Some mornings since," says a writer in the Presbyterian Advocate, "I was at the house of a very worthy man, whose wife was behind him in no proposal to do good. The family were called in; husband, wife, children, and stranger; but no servants. I had read a portion of Scripture, and was leading in prayer, when I heard a rattling of knives and forks. As I knew all that belonged to the house, I could very easily tell why, and also by whom. The absence was not from any false pride, or shame to have the servants appear in the dress in which the duties of the kitchen or house were performed, or any objection; but simply sheer thoughtlessness. They did not think; which was supposed to be a sufficient excuse for neglecting it."

Reader, hast thou an altar in thy house? Perhaps thy father had; and often didst thou bend the knee there. Perhaps thou hadst an altar thyself, reared with thine own hands in brighter, better days; but those same hands have aided to break it down, and God has written Ichabod upon the ruin. Make haste to repair it; and "blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep. Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store. Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out." If, however, thou bend not the knee, nor lift the eye, nor sing the hymn, nor read the chapter, nor offer the prayer, tremble. The "curse" pronounced on those nations and those families which call not upon God's name hangeth over thee.

A HINT TO MOTHERS ON PRAYING WITH THEIR CHILDREN.—Lately I was much struck with a little piece of history related to me by a Christian lady; and hoping that, by God's blessing, it may be useful to mothers and those who have the care of children, I give it, as nearly as I can recollect, in the words of my friend:

"How careful mothers should be to inquire into the state of their children's minds! I shall never forget what I suffered when I was a child, through my own shyness, and through my poor dear mother never questioning me as to what I felt and desired, etc. Mother never knew, but I used to be so anxious at times about my soul. I would have given any thing for her to have talked to me; and I used to wonder how ever it could be that she did not. One thing I especially remember,

because it occasioned me most grief. Mother used to retire for prayer and reading once or twice in the day: I knew her times, and what she went up-stairs for; and many a time have I left my play and followed her. I used to go and listen at the door, to hear if she prayed for me; and, O! I should have been delighted to have gone with her. Sometimes I used to play with the handle of the door, hoping she would come and ask me what I wanted; but instead of that, she would come out and tell me not to interrupt her, but to go to play. O! my heart was ready to break. I never went to play; no, I used to go and shut myself in another room, and cry and sob dreadfully, and think to myself, 'I have a soul as well as mother; and I as much want praying for. I wish mother would call me in, or ask me what I have been crying for.'

"Now, my mother was one of the best and holiest of women: I never knew a fault in her, unless it was this. Had she but known my feelings, she would have taken me by the hand with delight, and have prayed with me; but she never questioned me, and I was too shy to speak. I have often been grieved to think of it."

Mothers! this simple narrative speaks volumes. Have your children ever suffered in the same manner?

JOY OVER REPENTING SINNERS.—"There is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," said the Lord Jesus: he who knew what "anspired far above yon azure ceiling, as well as on the green sward beneath his feet.

Who can tell the intensity of the flame thus burning within those "ministers of fire?" Who discover the depth of love that finds utterance in their exulting joy?

"Who can tell the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?"

Great was the joy of the woman on recovering her lost piece of silver, and that of the man on recovering his lost sheep; but what is angelic joy at the return of the penitent soul? We are unable to fathom its depth; but a faint conception may, however, be awakened on a perusal of the following, related in the writer's hearing:

A pious ship captain had long prayed to a prayer-hearing and answering God for the conversion of his godless wife and daughter. The heavens were as brass: the prayers long seemed ineffectual. Years rolled by, and no spiritual change had taken place in either of the subjects of his intercession. One morning, however, he perceived tears, and heard broken accents, and gathered the words as they escaped from the lips of wife and daughter, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" His joy knew no bounds. They obtained a sense of God's favor; and with a speed to which he had for years been unaccustomed, he flew to his vessel, hauled the flags on deck in great haste, knotted them on to the flag-ropes, and ran them up to the mast-head. With one hand he pressed upon his fluttering heart; the tears of "joy and not of grief" chased each other down his weather-beaten cheeks; his other hand pointed upward; and as, with an eagle gaze, his eye penetrated the very clouds, far beyond the mast-head, "There," said he, "there they wave, and silent shout, 'Victory through the blood of the Lamb!'"

But, dear reader, far above the ken of his vision, discernible only by the eye of faith, even in "the heaven of heavens," there was joy among the angels of God over these repenting sinners. Happy he who thus raises the joys of heaven.

Editorial Sketch and Review.

THE WORLD A WORKSHOP.

We concluded our previous article with some remarks and a quotation or two on fire. We resume our remarks by glancing at the necessity of having fuel with which to keep up a fire, as well as being possessed of the ability to start it. The bowels of the earth are stored with inexhaustible supplies of coal, and every thing which has been discovered about it shows what it was intended for, and of the importance attached to it by the Creator. "Its formation began with the earliest land vegetation, that no time might be lost in its preparation, and the advent of man not be unnecessarily delayed.

"The first vegetation grew rank, and, as it ripened, much of it appears to have sunk, as in peat bogs, for trunks are found in perpendicular positions. Then a new geological period brought over the whole a platen of rock, and thus closed up the products of the first carboniferous epoch, preparatory to their undergoing the requisite pressure to fossilize them.

"The annual yield of the English mines has risen to 34,600,000 tons. This enormous drain has led to inquiries respecting the future: some writers predict exhaustion within a few centuries, others contend that nothing of the kind is inferable, even with a continuously increased demand. In South Wales are stores not opened. They have been examined and found to extend over an area of about 12,000 square miles, and they alone could meet the demand after all the present English coal mines are worked out. In the United States over 150,000 square miles of coal beds have been ascertained already—of these upward of 40,000 are in Illinois.

"In nothing are the manufacturing purposes of the Creator more obvious than in the article of fuel. Of what value indeed could metallic ores and soft earths have been without it? To meet the constant demand, wood, peat, turf, and other inflammable materials, are spread over the earth's surface, while its interior is surcharged with coal. It is a magazine of fuel and of materials to be heated. As long as it remains a factory, coal must be provided, and will be. There is reason to believe that the formation of this substance is now going on in the depths of our oceans—preparing a supply for workmen under new configurations of the surface."

The supplying of food does not belong to the mineral kingdom; but it furnishes that which gives food its best relish—salt. And how do you suppose, reader, salt is obtained? In most countries it is quarried as men would quarry minerals. "The mines of England have long been worked, and some are among the richest yet discovered. The consumption of salt in Great Britain is estimated at 616,000,000 pounds. Counting twenty-two pounds for each individual, and assuming this as a fair allowance for the world's consumption—and we should suppose it under rather than over the truth, since there are immense quantities consumed by cattle, and more still in various manufactures and arts not included—then the thousand millions of human beings require an annual supply of twenty-two thousand millions of pounds.

"In warm climates, the sea is a magazine of salt, the water being evaporated in wide basins, formed in the soil. That little Atlantic patch, known as Turk's Island, furnishes about fifty thousand bushels of sea salt weekly.

Salt springs are also more or less common in all countries. Were it required to quote particulars respecting the sources of rock salt, we might refer to one bed of it in Galicia, which is four hundred and sixty miles long, ninety miles wide, and twelve hundred feet thick."

Let us turn our attention now to the vegetable products of the earth. Why did not God make trees to grow lengthwise or horizontally on the ground instead of growing up perpendicularly or straight? Can any tell? Had trees grown horizontally, nearly or quite every inch of the earth's surface would have been occupied with closely interlaced timber, and the earth itself would have looked like a spherical raft, floating and plunging through space, asking some other planet or world to buy the stock of cord wood on hand. Why were not the sections of the boles of trees in some other form than that of circles? Simply because, had they grown up in wide slabs, in square or angular masses, the same quantity of material would have taken up a vast deal more of space, and the trees themselves would have been less able to resist storms of wind, and would seriously have interrupted the passage of animals through forests.

As in the case of metals, vegetables are presented to man in manageable masses. "Had they generally approached in dimensions the great California cedar—three hundred and twenty-five feet high and ninety-two feet in circumference at the ground; eighty-eight feet at four feet, and sixty-six feet at ten feet above the ground—what could have been done with them—with logs, one of which, laid along the pavement of some streets, would fill them to the roofs of three-story houses?" Like human kind trees have their infancy and their age. The one grows up, attains its complement of years, and dies; so with the other. Any experienced wood-chopper or lumberman can tell when a tree is ripe or ready to be cut down, or, rather, when they acquire no more sound wood! After this period they may swell, like a man with the dropsy, but it will only be a swelling and a puffing up. "Gigantic trees are almost always hollow. Emigrants' wagons are often backed into the interior of ancient buttonwoods. The great dragon-tree of the Canaries, sixteen feet in diameter, was as thick and hollow in A. D. 1402 as it is now. The largest European oak—in France—is twenty-three feet diameter, but within the trunk is a natural chamber, over ten feet one way and twelve another. Besides the mammoth tree of California, already mentioned, there are others in Oregon and California of the same kind; some even larger, but not sound. One offers a more commodious room than many miners' lodges. Of some blown down, a gentleman rode his horse through one, from end to end; another is mentioned one hundred and ten feet in circumference and four hundred and ten feet in length. This, too, is hollow; and if the hollow was a little enlarged it would make a very good rope-walk."

"The widest planks," continues our author, "to be met with in the Atlantic cities are in boxes in which sugar comes in from the interior; namely, from two and a half to three feet. The tree that furnishes them is the jequitaba, one of the largest of Brazilian trees. The wood is white, soft, and light, something like our white-wood. I heard of the most extraordinary one on the upper waters

of the Macacu river, which runs into the bay of Rio Janeiro. It was said to surpass in magnitude all others in the province. It was a straight, slightly tapering shaft, clear of branches and foliage for one hundred feet up. Near the ground it was thirty-two feet in circumference, and three feet above the ground twenty-seven feet. Its roots at one part presented the appearance of a range of vertical wall or rock, and fifty paces from the trunk they appeared half out of the ground, in long masses, two and a half and even three feet in diameter. A few feet above the ground there was a handsomely formed round hole in the trunk, naturally formed, and through it I pushed a stick in a horizontal position seven feet, so that the stately trunk was hollow—a mere tube, whose walls were so thin as to cause surprise at their stability. A few years more, and it will be prostrated by age and decay.”

The hickory-tree never grows to the size of the poplar in its bole or circumference, or the black walnut; neither is the oak half as heavy as the fir-tree. Hence, the largest trees are light in their texture, and are easily worked by man. The baobab, or monkey-bread-tree, of Senegambia, grows frequently to a size of twenty and even thirty feet in diameter. One is still standing which is thirty-two feet in diameter, and is supposed to be between five and six thousand years old; but these trees, like the chestnuts of Mount *Ætna*, are very limited in their height, and their trunks could not be worked up by man into any very useful purpose. Their work is to furnish food for animals, not lumber for man.

“A new world of thought and of art is opened in wood simply: so different from minerals, in its being developed before our eyes, in the system of perpetuating its varieties, in the diverse magnitudes of trees and their variegated crowns of foliage; in the mechanical properties of the ligneous fiber; in its diverse degrees of hardness, softness, flexibility, elasticity, and texture; every feature offering a class of advantages in the arts; in its ornamental attributes, too, as exhibited in colors—jet in ebony, black and dark brown in walnuts and oaks, purple and light greens in the munjaddy and myle-ellah of India, red in mahogany and cedar, yellow in box, satin-wood, and the maples; then there is the red ebony of Australia, the cream-tinted and snow-white tulip-tree, and every shade and tint in others. Moreover, how still more attractive are these colors made by straight, curved, waving, and involved graining! In addition to which, there is always more or less shading; and in cocoa and other rich woods are cloud-like dashes of India ink—some after the manner of tortoise-shell, and others resembling jaguars’ and leopards’ skins—invariably producing such pleasing effects that decorative artists incessantly labor to imitate them.

“Then woods, besides furnishing examples of painting in colors, provide us with material for giving to other substances colors which they do not always themselves possess. Each pigment, too, besides imparting its every tint, contributes to develop other and very different colors. Logwood yields blacks and purples; fustic, olive-browns and yellows; barwood, camwood, Brazil, and sappan woods impart reds, blacks, and browns; woad and indigo, blues and greens; madder, the brilliant scarlet or turkey red; turmeric, bright yellows; orchil, purples, reds, and blues; annatto, orange; safflower, crimson, scarlet, rose-color, and pink. There is the green ebony, and a thousand more dyewoods, known and unknown.”

Clearly wood was specially designed for man; for no other occupant of this globe is so well able to appreciate

its worth; at any rate none but man can use it, or the lacs and dyes which it furnishes, as does he. Look at the vegetable materials for ropes, for wicker and basket-ware, cotton, hemp, flax, and other fibrous plants, and specially at the profusion of vegetable aliments. The amount of thread produced each year is all but inconceivable. During the year 1852 one billion, four hundred and eighty-one millions of pounds of cotton were worked up into it. “At the London Exhibition one manufacturer furnished samples of one pound of cotton spun into nine hundred hanks of eight hundred and forty yards each, making nearly four hundred and thirty miles. Another firm exhibited four thousand, two hundred hanks of the same number of yards each, making two thousand miles from a single pound of cotton! If we, therefore, multiply the above amount only by four hundred and thirty, the length of thread that a single crop of cotton could make, would be over six hundred billions of miles, or sufficient for a web of stout calico, a yard wide, and containing eighty-five threads to the inch, that would be more than enough to reach from us to the sun.

“We inclose our bodies in artificial cocoons: in winter a lady is inwrapped in a hundred miles of thread; she throws over her shoulders from thirty to fifty in a shawl. A gentleman winds between three and four miles round his neck and uses four more in a pocket-handkerchief. At night he throws off his clothing and buries himself, like a larva, in four or five hundred miles of convolved filaments.”

No proof exists that either the flax or the cotton plant existed on the earth before the creation of man; but, on the other hand, the strong presumption is, that they were created after man and for man. To know to what extent food may be raised for our sustenance and well-being, take the following: “There were raised in 1850 in the United States upward of five hundred and ninety-two million bushels of maize or Indian corn. Counting the bushel at one and a quarter cubic feet, the grain would have filled a store-room twenty feet wide, ten feet deep, and seven hundred miles in length. The yield of wheat in 1851—125,607,000 bushels—would require an additional twenty miles to the structure; rye thirteen, buckwheat nine, barley four, between eight and nine for peas and beans, three or four for rice, and not less than five hundred for potatoes, beets, and other tubers. Partitions, miles apart, would also be required for apples, peaches, grapes, plums, cherries, and orchard produce; for sugar—over 200,000,000 pounds—nuts, strawberries, gooseberries, currants; for peppers, mustard, spices, and condiments, and all the produce of market gardens, over a thousand miles more would be taken up.

“Of tea, England imported in 1853, 66,360,555 pounds. Of coffee, the world’s product is between three and four hundred thousand tons. The world’s crop of sugar from cane, beet-root, and maples, can not be less than 900,000 tons, since the amount recognized in commerce is 840,365 tons. The demand is rapidly swelling, but however much it may increase, there are no limits to the means of supply.”

Let us turn our attention, now, to the third storehouse of matter, animal products. Man is supplied by animals, to an unlimited extent, with materials for his fabrics, and such as he could not obtain elsewhere, as wool, hair, feathers, down, silk, leather, glue, horn, ivory, wax, oils, bone, pearl, tortoise, sperm, whalebone, isinglass, coloring-matters, etc. It is not pretended at all that man can create birds or animals, or any thing with life; but while

this is true, he can essentially control, or, rather, modify the products which they yield.

It is quite impossible to furnish any thing but a few specimens of the products furnished by domestic animals. Glance at the article of leather. In England, in 1851, 2,390,901 hides were tanned, and yearly she uses up 60,000,000 pounds of leather, and the value of the manufactured article can not be less than \$70,000,000. A single state in this country—Massachusetts—manufactures not less than twelve millions of dollars worth of shoes annually. There is the article of wool, the clip of which, in the United States, for 1850, was 52,516,959 pounds. In 1854 there were estimated to be 32,000,000 sheep in Great Britain, the clip of which amounted, last season, to 120,000,000 pounds. Beside this 70,000,000 pounds were received the same year into England from Australia. In the article of tallow, in the year 1853, Russia, after supplying all her own wants, sent to other parts of the world 137,000,000 pounds.

Man can work in the waters of the ocean and enrich himself to an extent which the pen can not describe; for the fecundity of the ocean surpasses even that of the land, and the streams which man can turn into his gannets never cease to flow. Birds and insects do not elaborate as much matter for manufactures as quadrupeds; but the value of their labors is nevertheless incalculable. Our limits, however, forbid a further discussion of this part of our author's treatise, and we pass to another.

In section second we have man discussed, his nature, his instincts, and his achievements, all of which indicate the nature and purposes of his being. "Observe the perfect freedom of his upper limbs to operate on matter, in consequence of their being released from the labor of sustaining the body and aiding in its locomotion; a feature peculiar to his species, and the one which specially proclaims him an artisan. Mark the termination of those limbs in the hands; the adaptation of these to work in all substances, their duality, the double jointed-levers they are attached to, their lithe and diverse movements, their power to grasp objects of every shape, their durability under incessant wear and tear; the articulations of the wrist and fingers to avoid the necessity of always moving the arm with them, and of a consequent waste of power: the sense of touch in the fingers, so exquisite and so active in a thousand acts. In the large development of the thumb man's superiority as a manipulator largely consists; it has been named a second hand. Still, it was in the unoccupied levers at whose extremities the fingers are, that his instincts as an artisan resided, and through which they have been manifested. Had those levers been employed as in their nearest analogues, man had been at best but an improved orang-outang, but in disengaging them from other service, and placing them as it were like laborers in the market-place waiting to be employed, the Creator gave us in them the prime instruments of our elevation."

Mr. Ewbank contends with great strenuousness that man, at his creation, was made a worker—an artisan—that on the first opening of his eyes he beheld "nothing but a vast factory crowded with work." The raw materials, not finished goods, were at hand, and he had to go to work. He had wheat, but no bread; wood, but no furnace; clay, but no brick; sand, but no glass; iron, but none in bars, and so he had to use his hands or die. Speaking of the climates of all colored men as rich in materials for the arts, our author digresses somewhat from the main topic on hand to deliver himself of the

opinion that "colored people are inferior" to white men. Who or what could have prompted such a thing we shall not pretend to determine.

In discussing the question of several centers of population, Mr. Ewbank takes occasion to state that in spinning, the art of pottery, the use of the hand-mill, and a knowledge of the lamp, the early inhabitants of the American continent were quite as fully civilized as any other portion of the earth. Hence the inference that civilization is "an independent development."

As to natural mechanisms, these are constantly giving hints to man. "Whenever a stone ax is plowed up we do not want an ancient Indian to rise out of a mound to tell us what use it was put to. A knife, a pen, or any other manufactured article is a tangible thought, or a congeries of thoughts, in which the mind and workings of the mind of the designer is perceived; and so it is, that the ideas and reasonings, if the terms be allowable, of the Creator stand out in all his works. To those who study his mechanisms, his intentions are as perceptible in forms, motions, and proportions; in levers, joints, valves, tubes, mechanical equivalents, and results; as those of a human engineer in any one of his works."

In the beauty every-where perceptible in the natural world, man is taught a lesson of most pertinent and valuable instruction. But beauty must not be confounded with elegant outlines simply or wholly; for a thing to be beautiful must have its outlines accord with the uses for which it was made. No tea-cup formed like a pipe-stem, ever so beautifully worked, and no railroad track running in a circle could be called beautiful, as the ends for which each was designed are frustrated. "Such," contends our author, "is the sense of beauty pervading the mind of the divine Proprietor, that he has introduced an adjunct to it in colors. With these he has embellished every thing on earth, in air, and in water. We tread on a carpet of tapestry the richness of which we do not appreciate, while the canopy over us is an ever-changing series of paintings. What pleasures, physical, moral, and intellectual, we had never known if the earth and sky, and all objects between them, had been of a uniform hue! But colors serve more purposes than to please the eye. There shines not a tint on the breast of a thrush, nor a gleam of iridescence on a humming-bird's throat, nor a golden spot on a common trout's body, nor a feather of flame in the flamingo's wing, but has its uses, although naturalists have not yet divined what they are. The summer dresses of arctic animals and birds are regularly thrown off, and winter ones put on; but as yet little progress has been made in the investigation of such matters, and of the laws by which colors are developed and defined, notwithstanding the pleasures and profit the knowledge must bring."

Like all enthusiasts, Mr. Ewbank runs his theme of labor to the very extreme. He deems it man's highest and only mission on earth to labor; and while he acknowledges the existence of an immortal principle in man, he goes to work to show that the spiritual needs not a tithe of the attention that the physical does. But we forbear any remarks here. With a quotation on mind, as the main operator on matter, we must conclude our already too long dissertation. We have to regret that Mr. Ewbank could not have been more explicit in his allusions to the soul as the immaterial and immortal part in man.

"It is marvelous that any created being should be able to study its own organization, and reason on the causes

and modes of its existence; that man, a piece of animated matter, should pry into his own structure, and, by dissecting the bodies of his fellows, find out the reasons that determined the forms and proportions of his own organs; and that he should then turn from himself and inquire into the nature and attributes of the Author of his being! The wonder is not greater than if balls of clay in the hands of a potter should ask, "What doest thou?" or if spinning-jennies and power-looms were to pause in their movements to inquire why they were made. Man is a tissue of marvels; his little seething brain, as if a part of the Godhead were located in it, spurns at boundaries to his thoughts. He neither confines them to the world he occupies nor to the visible heavens, but urges them through the invisible depths of space to learn, if possible, what is doing there. Nor is this all: not content with employing them on things of the present, he sends them into the future, and exercises them on the

past. He is told, that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; but he longs to know how they were produced—by what principles and processes they were developed and are sustained.

"That this amazing faculty is given for the great purposes of his education, it were a truism to assert; more than any thing else it shows how illimitable are the soul's aspirations. As for imaginings of what was before the sidereal heavens appeared, they can hardly be carried further than a supposed condition of things, which may be illustrated by a discovery made some years ago of a subterranean structure, of unknown origin and antiquity. The proprietor entered with a light; his voice reverberated along the arches, and the dark and silent chambers were instantly charged with clouds of dancing atoms awakened into motion by his presence. So, perhaps, was the cold and boundless abyss first charged by the voice of God with the dust of which stars are made."

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

METHODIST MONEY MATTERS IN 1854.—In the several annual conferences connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, the total deficiency in reference to the *quarterage* of preachers for the year 1854 was \$132,189; and in reference to the table and fuel expenses there was about the same deficiencies, making, as the grand total owing to the Methodist ministry for services rendered last year, at least \$260,000. The average number of cents contributed per member, for missions, in the New England conference, was fifty-eight cents; in the Cincinnati conference, forty-three; in the New York East, forty-two; in the Providence, forty-two; in the Baltimore, New York, Ohio, and North Ohio, thirty-nine, each; in the South-Eastern Indiana, thirty-one; North-Western Indiana, twenty-seven; Indiana, eighteen; North Indiana, seventeen; Iowa, seven, and Missouri, four cents.

THE VERDICT OF HISTORY.—Lord John Russell, in a recent speech at Bedford, England, alluding to the causes that had occasioned the decline of nations, said, "There have been despotic institutions, where men have been forbidden to investigate subjects of science, or discuss any improvement in art; where they have been forbidden, under penalty of fire, from holding any religious opinion different from that of the state. Where that despotism has existed, where that persecution has prevailed, the nation has withered under the influence."

WASHINGTON'S SEALS.—Washington was accustomed to wear a gold and a silver seal with his watch, on which the letters G. W. were cut. On the day of Braddock's defeat, in 1754, he lost the silver seal, and about seventeen years ago, his nephew, to whom the gold seal had been given after his death, dropped it while riding over his farm. Both of these seals were recently plowed up, about the same time, and they will again be united.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY DEGREES.—Heretofore Americans attending Oxford and Cambridge, England, had, before taking their degrees, to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, and to take the oath of allegiance to her Majesty the Queen.

Henceforward a student from the United States may matriculate in the University of Oxford without taking any oath whatever, or signing any religious articles. He

may also take the degree of Bachelor of Arts, without oaths, subscription, or declaration of any kind, but not the degree of Master of Arts, nor any higher degree.

Degrees conferred by American colleges are not recognized at Oxford, the only universities which are recognized at present being Cambridge, England, and Dublin. A Bachelor of Arts from the United States can not, therefore, be admitted in Oxford, *ad eundem*.

DEFILATORY POWDERS.—These powders, which are used in removing the hair from one's face or neck, are usually composed of quicklime, soda, and a combination of sulphur and arsenic. On their application they are very apt to excite inflammation; and they never kill the roots of the hairs, but have to be used from time to time where one desires to keep the surface clean.

ANCIENT ANTIQUITIES.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, and 40 round, with walls 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots. Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 425 feet high. It was 200 hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 763 feet on the sides; its base covers thirteen acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 206: 100,000 men were employed in its erection. About the fifteen hundred and ninetieth part of the great pyramid of Egypt is occupied by chambers and passages; all the rest is solid masonry. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 3,000 chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round. It has 100 gates: Carthage was 25 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 25,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was once plundered of £10,000 sterling; and Nero carried from it 500 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles in extent.

CURIOUS COPYING ART.—Homography is the name of an art just discovered in France, by which, it is said, any typographical work, lithograph, or engraving may be reproduced instantaneously, cheaply, without damaging the original, so exactly that the most practiced eye can not tell the difference, and the copies may be multiplied indefinitely.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—On the 8th of December, at Rome, Pope Pius IX announced as an article of faith in the "holy Apostolic Church" the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. The meeting consisted of over two hundred full-robed ecclesiastical dignitaries, including sixty cardinals and one hundred and forty archbishops, representing every part of the world, besides some four hundred lesser luminaries of the Church. The discussion on the question lasted twenty-four hours; and when the decree was promulgated, it is said that Rome was intoxicated with joy. Hereafter he who does not set down the Virgin in his creed as free from all stain of sin from her birth till her death, is to be deemed a heretic, and treated accordingly. She must be worshiped as superior to even Jesus Christ; and the world in the middle of the nineteenth century is to gulp down and digest, if possible, this terrible monstrosity.

DEATH OF KITTO.—Rev. Dr. Kitto, well known to the Christian public for his contributions to Biblical literature, died at Canstadt, near Stuttgart, Germany, November 25, 1854. His works on the Holy Land and those illustrative of the antiquities and history of Scripture are of special value. The following is a list of his works: Bible History of the Holy Land; Court and People of Persia; Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature; also an "Abridged" and a "People's edition" of this Cyclopaedia; Daily Bible Illustrations, eight volumes; Essays and Letters, with a Memoir; Geography of the Holy Land, with an Atlas; History of Palestine; Pictorial History of Palestine, two volumes; Lost Senses, Deafness and Blindness, two volumes; Physical Geography of the Holy Land, two volumes; Pictorial Life of our Savior; Scripture Lands and Bible Atlas; The Tabernacle and its Furniture. He also established and conducted, till within two years, "The Journal of Sacred Literature." The family of Dr. Kitto, consisting of the widow and seven or eight children, have been in very cramped and narrow circumstances since his death; but the pension granted in December last of two hundred and fifty dollars per year by Queen Victoria, will greatly relieve them in their poverty.

CONVENTIONS OF TEACHERS.—The late holidays between Christmas and New-Year's were occupied, as our readers may know, by sessions of the State Teachers' Conventions of Ohio and Indiana—the former meeting in Cincinnati and the latter in Indianapolis. The necessity of having the Bible introduced into all our common schools was ably argued before both conventions by leading members. The sessions of the Ohio Convention were held in the Ninth-Street Baptist Church, and the last day was spent partly in hearing an address from President Andrews, on the importance of at once introducing the Bible into our schools.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN IRELAND.—Presbyterians are diminishing in Ireland. The number of chapels has increased somewhat; but on comparing the numbers benefited by the *Regium Donum* in 1847 and 1853, it appears that the families had decreased to the number of 7,615—nearly 1,300 families a year.

"SPIRITUAL FATHERS."—Of the Roman Catholic priests of Panama, "J. R." the Protestant missionary, says: "There is hardly any limit to their vice." He is told, by natives of the place, "that there is not one among them who is not a gambler, a drunkard, or a licentious man;" nor is there any reason to doubt this; "most of them bear the marks of vice upon their faces;" it injures not their standing to live in concubinage, nor to train

up a family of children just like other people; but if they marry according to the ordinance of God, they are instantly hurled from their office, without even the formality of a trial. Such is Romanism, in a land where no other religion has been known since the day when Pagan rites gave way to the ritual of the Catholic Church; and such it is in every land where it meets not the antagonism of a more Scriptural faith.

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—From the Catholic Almanac, for 1855, we gather that there are 31 theological seminaries in the United States, with 393 students. Besides these, there are about 118 in institutions abroad and in establishments of the regular clergy at home. According to this account, there are 511 theological students altogether.

In the summary we find the following:

Churches.....	1,824
Other stations.....	678
Clergymen in the ministry.....	1,556
Clergymen otherwise employed.....	172
Ecclesiastical institutions.....	37
Clerical students.....	690
Male religious institutions.....	54
Literary institutions for young men.....	43
Female religious institutions.....	88
Female academies.....	117
Charitable institutions.....	144
Catholic population, (as we have calculated it).....	2,303,000
Increase last year, about.....	100,000

In England and Scotland there are 812 Churches; 1,056 priests; 17 religious houses for men; 84 religious houses for women. The grand total of clergy, 1,126. In England there are 11 colleges; in Scotland 1.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—From the report of the Trustees of the Public Library of the city of Boston we learn, that the income of the invested funds of the Library furnished the means of buying 3,500 new volumes for last year, and that such is the prospect for the future that about 6,000 volumes can be added yearly to the Library—a rate of increase which in fourteen years will give a list of 100,000 volumes, a larger collection than any at present existing in the United States. The present number of volumes in the Library, besides 2,989 tracts, amount to 16,221.

BOOKS IN THIS COUNTRY.—The following facts are taken from the United States census: "There are 15,615 public libraries in the United States, and 4,636,411 volumes, of which 1,760,820 are in the state of New York. Comparing the free with the slave states, the former have by far the most libraries. For instance, Virginia has 54, and New York 11,013; Alabama 56, and Massachusetts 1,462; South Carolina 26, and Connecticut 164; Georgia 7, and Rhode Island 96. Of the slave states, in proportion to population, Mississippi has the most public libraries, and Virginia the fewest, although those of the latter contain a greater number of volumes than those of any slave state, excepting Louisiana and South Carolina."

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to Professor Jewett, of the Smithsonian Institution, the following is a table of the public libraries in the United States:

	No.	Volumes.
State libraries.....	39	288,937
Social libraries.....	126	611,334
College libraries.....	126	586,912
Students' libraries.....	142	254,639
Seminaries and Professional libraries.....	227	320,904
Scientific and Historical Societies, do.....	34	138,901

NOVELS AND PLAYS.—The Mechanics' Library, Sheffield, England, by a rule of its members, wholly excludes plays and novels from its shelves.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

ALICE CARY'S POEMS. *Boston: Ticknor & Field. 1855. 12mo. 399 pp.*—Alice Cary has already obtained an honorable position among the female writers of America. That position has not been obtained by a sudden and fortuitous leap, but by a gradual, steady, and strong ascent. We therefore augur for her not only the permanent maintenance of her present position, but a still higher ascent. The readers of the Repository are well acquainted with the productions of her pen; and we have cause to believe that she is highly valued by them. This volume contains the best poems from her pen—one or two of them of considerable length. We assure our readers they will find it an agreeable and useful companion. We give the following beautiful specimen, selected almost at random from among the shorter poems:

"Talk to my heart, O winds—
Talk to my heart to-night;
My spirit always finds
With you a new delight,
Finds always new delight,
In your silver talk at night.
Give me your soft embrace
As you used to long ago,
In your shadowy trysting-place,
When you seemed to love me so—
When you sweetly kissed me so,
On the green hills long ago.
Come up from your cool bed,
In the still twilight sea,
For the dearest hope lies dead,
That was ever dear to me;
Come up from your cool bed,
And we'll talk about the dead.
Tell me, for oft you go,
Winds, lovely winds of night,
About the chambers low,
With sheets so dainty white,
If they sleep through all the night,
In the beds so chill and white?
Talk to me, winds, and say,
If in the grave be rest;
For, O, life's little day
Is a weary one at best;
Talk to my heart and say
If death will give me rest."

Our acknowledgments are due to Carlton & Phillips for a copy of the following series of Sunday School books, issued at 200 Mulberry-street, New York. They form a fine addition to their splendid list of Sunday school publications. The series of "Short Stories from History," originally published by the English "Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge," are admirably adapted to the Sunday School Catalogue. They ought to be in the library of every Sunday school. Dr. Kidder, with rare industry and skill, continues to increase the resources of the Sunday school department. But to our list:

1. STORIES OF ENGLAND—two volumes.
2. STORIES OF ANCIENT ROME—two volumes.
3. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.
4. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF ITALY.
5. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF SPAIN.

6. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF SWEDEN.
7. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF MEXICO.
8. STORIES OF THE NORSEMEN.

To the above list we must also append the following miscellaneous publications:

1. SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.—The author was a lay missionary among the Indians in Oregon nearly nine years, and here he gives us glimpses of the incidents, trials, and perils of missionary life.
2. THE PRODIGAL is from the pen of Rev. J. T. Barr, and contains the Highland Prodigal, the Reclaimed Prodigal, the Woe-Stricken Prodigal, and the Spendthrift. The narrations are striking, and will be useful.
3. PARIS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.
4. RAMBLES AT THE SOUTH.
5. THE TEMPEST.—This work discourses upon the nature, properties, and uses of wind in various parts of the world.
6. THE TWO FORTUNES; or, *Profession and Practice.*
7. THREE DAYS ON THE OHIO RIVER.
8. HERE AND THERE; or, *Heaven and Earth Contrasted.*

HUMANITY IN THE CITY. By Rev. E. H. Chapin. *New York: De Witt & Davenport. For sale by Moore, Wilstach & Co. 1855. 12mo. Pp. 252.*—The above is the somewhat quaint title of a series of eight discourses from the pen of one of the most eloquent lecturers of the day. The following topics are discussed; namely, The Lessons of the Streets; Man and Machinery; The Strife for Precedence; The Symbols of the Republic; The Springs of Social Life; The Allies of the Tempter; The Children of the Poor; The Help of Religion. The author has evidently aimed to make these discourses acceptable to men of all creeds in religion. That they are eloquently written, we need hardly say to those at all acquainted with the fervid style of Mr. Chapin. Take the following specimen from the discourse upon the "Allies of the Tempter."

"As I look upon this mass of social evil, these steaming wells of passion, these solid fortifications of habit where the tempter is intrenched, I ask how is all this to pass away? And the answer is—only by the spirit of Christian love, sweeping these impediments of selfishness from the heart, and animating us to effort. With Christ the work certainly can be done. In this Gospel-beating amidst the guilt and sorrow of the world like the pulsations of a Divine heart—in the few leaves of this Testament—there is an illimitable power, before whose inspiration in the purposes and deeds of men no evil thing shall stand. And the spirit and exercise of this love is religion. It is the upshot of all that is preached—it is the open and tangible test of every mystic experience that drifts through the soul—it is so deep, so broad, and runs so far, that it comprehends all requirements; and they who cherish it, and practice it in the low, and dark, and desolate places of the world, are the true saints. Nothing else will do in its place. Not Churches, nor creeds, nor rituals, nor respectabilities. Without it we are not friends of Christ, nor co-workers with God. Without it we deepen the channels of human woe, and prop the strongholds of wickedness. Without it, whatever we may not be, we are allies of the tempter. The Savior

says to each of us to-day, placed amidst these antagonistic forces of life, 'He that is not with me is against me.'"

PETER PARLEY'S POPULAR BIOGRAPHY. *New York: Leavitt & Allen.*—This manual of biography embraces the most eminent characters of every age, nation, and profession; including painters, poets, philosophers, politicians, heroes, warriors, etc. It constitutes a closely printed octavo volume with five hundred and twenty-seven double pages. It is one of the best hand-books of biography we have. For sale by Moore, Wiltach & Co., Cincinnati.

THE PICTORIAL CATECHISM, recently published by Carlton & Phillips, is a decidedly rich and beautiful work. The catechetical questions and answers have been prepared with great care, and embody a great amount of Biblical and religious knowledge, adapted to children and youth, whether in the family or in the Sabbath school. It ought to be a text-book in all our Sabbath schools; it ought to come into family use. Sabbath school teachers could do nothing better for their scholars, nor could parents for their children, than to instruct them thoroughly in the Catechism. The illustrations are numerous, and executed in the finest style of the art. The work is a square 16mo. of one hundred and fifty-six pages.

CORNELL'S PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY. *Forming Part First of a Systematic Series of School Geographies. By S. N. Cornell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Small Quarto. 96 pp.*—For the most part geography has been taught in our schools simply as a collection of facts—and that, too, almost without any scientific arrangement. Here is an attempt by an experienced teacher to mend that matter. The work has a kindly look, and we must own ourselves greatly pleased with its general outline and appearance. It claims the following distinctive features:

First. Only those branches of geographical science that admit of being brought fully within the comprehension of the youthful beginner have been introduced into the present number of the series.

Second. At the same time that the memory is called into exercise, the understanding is enlightened by copious and appropriate illustrations.

Third. The youthful student is put in possession of a simple and easy method of memorizing the contents of a map by means of a carefully systematized set of questions.

Fourth. The work is so arranged, and the science so imparted, that teachers, parents, trustees, and others may satisfactorily ascertain, at any stage of the pupil's advancement, what he knows of the science.

Fifth. The mechanical execution of the work is equal or superior to that of any other school-book extant, and will commend itself.

Sixth. The system pursued throughout the entire series is calculated to save at least one-half the time heretofore required for the purpose, and at the same time secure to the student greater and permanent results.

These are high claims. The book is well worthy of examination on the part of teachers. For sale by H. W. Derby.

FIRST THOUGHTS; or, Beginning to Think, is from the press of the same publishers. It is a capital work with which to exercise the thought, to stir the reason, and to store the intelligence of young children—especially those of inquiring minds. For sale by Derby.

THE HISTORY AND POETRY OF FINGER RINGS is a wonderful book—*parum in multo*—a 12mo. of two hundred and thirty-nine pages. Verily, what a waste of brains—if brains had any thing to do with it—was there! It is published by Redfield, New York. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE METHODIST NEWSPAPER PRESS.—We have just glanced over the files of the "Advocate Family," and rejoice to note the evidences of a healthy and strong development.

The Christian Advocate and Journal, which stands at the head of the list, appears in new type, and holds on the even tenor of its way. The old veteran holds firm the helm.

The Western Christian Advocate appears finely in its new dress. The popular estimation in which it is held as a family religious newspaper needs no further evidence than the fact, that while two popular and thriving Advocates come in to share its territory, its subscription list is constantly augmenting. Last year it had an increase of over four thousand; and this year it is now over one thousand in advance of last.

The Northern Christian Advocate, published at Auburn, N. Y., also looks finely in its new type. Its patrons have also given substantial evidence of the appreciation of it by a large addition to its circulation. Brother Hosmer wields a strong pen.

The North-Western Christian Advocate has been greatly enlarged and beautified. It is a marvel how suddenly this paper has passed into a hale and vigorous manhood. Its editor—Rev. J. V. Watson—seems to have intellectual vitality diffused through his whole system, and he radiates it with rare energy.

The Zion's Herald has for years been a choice family journal. It has lost nothing of its old energy and excellence. The Rev. D. Wise wields both the pen and the scissors with great skill and taste.

The Buffalo Christian Advocate is also enlarged, and is in every respect a fine paper.

The Pittsburg Christian Advocate is also moving onward in its regular course, supplying the wants of an important section of the Church.

The Central Christian Advocate, at St. Louis, has encountered some heavy gales, but bids fair to weather them nobly. Now that it is determined it shall live, we trust all its friends will rally to its support. By doing so, we are certain they will subserve the interests of Methodism in that section.

The California Christian Advocate has ceased to be a General conference paper; nevertheless, it still lives and flourishes. It is edited with decided ability, and is an excellent paper.

We should be glad to say more of these papers, but our space will not allow us.

A LECTURE ON ROMAN CATHOLICISM, by Rev. W. R. Litsinger, of the Ohio Conference.—Pamphlet, twenty-seven pages, 8vo.

THE GOSPEL MINISTRY—its Difficulties, Responsibilities, and Rewards, by Sinez.—Pamphlet, sixteen pages, 8vo.

ONEIDA CONFERENCE SEMINARY—*Twenty-Ninth Annual Catalogue*—located at Cazenovia, N. Y.—Principal, Rev. H. Bannister, D. D., assisted by 7 professors. Students—gentlemen, 283; ladies, 218; total, 501.

Notes and Queries.

ISE VERSUS IZE—LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GIVEN.—
 "Dear Doctor,—I have just observed among the 'Notes and Queries' of the Repository for January a 'Query' as follows: 'Why do certain words terminate with *ize*, as Christianize, civilize, brutalize, while others terminate with *ise*, as compromise, advertise, enterprise? and by what rule shall we determine whether the termination shall be *ize* or *ise* in any given word?'"

"Now, I do not profess any great skill in etymology, but to me both the rule and the reason called for above are sufficiently obvious. The rule may be as follows: The termination *ise* is used whenever the word is formed from a Latin past participle, as demise, advise, surmise, etc. There seem to be two classes of words—generally verbs—which end in *ize*. 1. Those which are but the English form of Greek verbs ending in *-ίζω*—as dogmatize, syllogize, etc. 2. Those which have adopted this form, though not of Greek origin. The root of these words is commonly a Latin adjective, as civil-ize, real-ize, brutal-ize, etc. The English language, when giving activity to the idea of these Latin adjectives, makes verbs out of them by the suffix *ise* after the Greek style. This explains the reason why, according to your Rule I, when a complete word would be left, the termination should be *ize*, and also explains your exception to the rule. The application of the above rule presupposes a knowledge of the Latin and Greek; there seems to be no rule for the mere English scholar."

OPENING UP.—This expression is becoming more and more current in American literature. It is a Scotticism, and a correspondent of a Philadelphia religious paper wants information about the thing. We give a few of his remarks:

"Will not some one, who favors its adoption, inform the ignorant what is the force of the suffix *up*? Are we restricted to the one specification? May we not open *down* a subject, or open *through* it, or *over* it, or *about* it, or *into* it? I wish to be in the fashion, having long ago learned to talk about the 'stand-point,' the 'objective and subjective,' and made some progress in pronouncing 'aesthetics.'"

TITLE OF LL. D.—The question is often asked, "Why are two L's used to designate the title of Doctor of Laws?" In answer to this question, a critic writes:

"Some have accounted for it by supposing that the mystic letters mean 'Doctor of Law and Logic!' Others think they mean '*Literarius Legum Doctor*.' Now, the simple explanation is that the letters mean *Legum Doctor*, 'Doctor of Laws,' and the first letter is doubled according to the well-known practice of the Romans in abbreviating words of expressing a plural noun by a double letter. Some persons, not aware of this, write L. L. D. as if each letter stood for a word, instead of LL. D. As to the meaning and value of the title itself, I leave it to the 'Doctors' themselves to decide."

CURIOUS NOTES FROM AN OLD PARISH REGISTER IN NEW ENGLAND.—The following notes have been recently taken from the records of the old Church in Andover, Mass.:

"January 17, 1712. Voted—under protest—yt those persons who have pews sit with their wives."

"November 10, 1713. Granted to Richard Barker four

shillings, for his extraordinary trouble in swiping our Meeting-House ye past year."

"March 17, 1766. Voted, that all the English women in the parish, who marry or associate with negro or mulatto men, be seated in the Meeting-House with the negro women."

"In 1799 it was voted, amid much opposition, to procure a bass viol."

ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM FOR MEN TO SIT NEAREST THE PEW-DOOR IN CHURCHES.—The English Querist says: "It is the custom in America for the head and male members of a family to have the sittings in a pew nearest the door, and it is supposed to have originated in the following manner: In former times it was customary for the Indians to attack a village on a Sunday, when they thought the men would be in church, and unprepared to receive them. The savages having been successful on several occasions, it became a necessary precaution for all the males to go armed, and having sittings near the door of a pew, to be enabled, on the first alarm, to leave the place where they were congregated, and repel the attack of their enemies."

CAMPBELL'S "ANGELS' VISITS".—Nothing can be more absurd or ungenerous than that hypercriticism which is constantly hunting up some antecedent to a felicitous expression, in order to rob its author of the credit he receives for it. Take, for example, Campbell's celebrated verse:

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

A surly English critic labors hard to show that it was "all but copied from Blair," and quotes the following from "The Grave" as evidence:

"Like an ill-used ghost
 Not to return; or if it did, its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between."

He also shows that a similar phrase occurs in a poem of Norris, of Bemerton, who died in 1711:

"But those who soonest take their flight
 Are the most exquisite and strong,
 Like angels' visits, short and bright,
 Mortality's too weak to bear them long."

Very likely the same idea may be found elsewhere; but where is the evidence that either of these authors obtained it in any other way than that in which we obtain most of our ideas? We see not why it does not as much belong to Campbell as to Blair, and certainly he has expressed it with far more beauty and force.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK".—The notable expression "by hook or by crook," is said to have its origin in the following circumstance in England: Persons entitled to fuel wood in the king's forests were only authorized to take it of the dead wood or branches of trees in the forest. They were not permitted to use an ax in obtaining it, but only "a cart, a hook, and a crook."

SEMLER'S REPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OF A BAD BOOK.—A publisher of erroneous and dangerous books assured Semler that he only gave them to the world in order to excite inquiry. "That," replied Semler, "is to set a town on fire in order to make a trial of the engines."

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

SHORT SERMONS.—The late Dr. Bogue is reported to have one day said to some of his students, "Do you suppose that people have nothing to do but to listen to your emptiness by the hour?"—a retuke too pettishly given, and too severe. But there is propriety in Lamont's remark, "There is no excuse for a long sermon: if it be good, it need not be long; and if it be bad, it ought not to be long." Queen Anne, after hearing Dr. South, said, "You have given us an excellent sermon, Dr. South: I wish you had had time to make it longer." "Nay, please your Majesty," said he, "I wish I had had time to make it shorter." Whitefield and Wesley, and most of the early Methodists, were short. Why do not many of their successors follow their example?

TURNING FROM NOTHING TO NOTHING.—A female, who had more of the form of godliness than of the power, one day said to Mr. Cecil, "Sir, have you heard that I am going to turn from the Dissenters to the Church?" "Madam," he replied, "you are turning from nothing to nothing."

THE HORSE-FAIR SERMON.—One evening, in a rather crowded place, a minister was preaching very *finely and flourishingly* to little purpose, from the "white horse," and the "red horse," and the "black horse," and the "pale horse," in the Revelations. Robert Hall, who was present, sat very impatiently, and when the sermon closed he pushed out toward the door, saying, "Let me out of this horse-fair."

THE THREE HARDEST WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—A very learned man has said, "The three hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, '*I was mistaken*;' " and when Frederick the Great wrote his letter to the Senate—"I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault"—Goldsmith says, "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories."

ANECDOTE OF ROWLAND HILL, OR FAMILY PRAYER AT A TAVERN.—Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm of rain into a village inn, and compelled to spend the night. When it grew late, the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied, "I have been waiting a long time, expecting to be called to family prayer." "Family prayer! I don't know what you mean, sir: we never have such things here." "Indeed! then tell your master, I can not go to bed till we have had family prayer." The waiter informed his master, who, in great consternation, bounced into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said, "Sir, I wish you would go to bed. I can not go till I have seen all the lights out. I am so afraid of fire." "So am I," was the reply; "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer." "All very good, sir; but it can not be done at an inn." "Indeed! then pray get me my horse. I can not sleep in a house where there is no family prayer." The host preferred to dismiss his prejudice, rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have prayer; but I don't know how." "Well, then, summon your people, and let us see what can be done." The landlord obeyed, and in a few minutes the astonished domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray. "Sir, I never prayed in my life. I don't know how." "Ask God to teach you,"

was the gentle reply. The landlord said, folding his hands, "God, teach us how to pray." "That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully; "go on." "I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir." "Yes, you do: God has taught you how to pray. Now thank him for it." "Thank you, God almighty, for letting us pray to you!" "Amen! Amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and prayed himself. Two years afterward, Mr. Hill found in that same village a chapel and a school, as the result of the first effort of family prayer at the "Black Lion."

THE PROUD LADY AND THE POOR GIRL.—The following lines are from one of James Russell Lowell's poems:

"Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness;
Here comes one whose cheek would blush,
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary brockery in,
And in midnights, chill and murky,
Stitch'd her life into her work;
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil;
Shaping from her bitter thought,
Heart's-Ease and Forget-me-not;
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there!"

ELEVEN HAPPY DAYS IN A LIFETIME.—"Were I offered the choice," said Byron, "either to live my life over again, or to live as many years more onward, I should certainly prefer the first; yet my young days have been vastly more unhappy than I believe those of other men commonly are. I once attempted to enumerate the days I had lived which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy: I could never make them amount to more than eleven; and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether, between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen."

ON ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH.—Don't attempt too much. Knives that contain ninety blades, four cork-screws, and a boot-jack, are very seldom brought into action; and for this reason, in attempting too much, they become so clumsy and ponderous that men of small patience can't "get the hang" of them.

SLANDER.—The expansive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus:

"The flying rumors gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements, too:
On every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew."

THE TRIBUNE ON OUR MILITIA SYSTEM.—The Tribune has a good remark on the subject of our militia system. "Think," says that paper, "how disastrous it would prove, if all the conceit and lust of command that are blown off harmlessly through that channel, should be pent up to swell and fester till they found relief when met to organize combinations for carrying on the serious business of life!"

THE PAST.—To the good and wise

"The freshness of the past shall still
Sacred to Memory's holiest musings be."

Editor's Table.

ARTICLE ON MRS. SIGOURNEY.—Not having watched the progress of filling up this number as carefully as we might have done, we found, when it was too late to remedy the thing, that we had not reserved all the space we desired for our review of Mrs. Sigourney's writings. We are, therefore, tempted to throw in one or two items here touching upon other traits than those considered in our article. Critics agree in opinion that of all her longer poems "Pocahontas" is the best sustained.

"Oriska" is a fine specimen of descriptive and narrative poetry. The closing scene, where the wretched Indian woman, with her little son, steers her canoe over the Falls of Niagara, is described with singular graphic power:

"And as the rapids raised their whitening heads,
Casting her light oar to the infuriate tide,
She raised him in her arms, and clasp'd him close.
Then as the boat with arrowy swiftness drove
Down toward the unfathom'd gulf, while chilling spray
Rose up in blinding showers, he hid his head
Deep in the bosom that had nurtured him,
With a low, stifled sob.

And thus they took
Their awful pathway to eternity.
One ripple on the mighty river's brink,
Just where it, shuddering, makes its own dread plunge,
And at the foot of that most dire abyss
One gleam of flitting robe, and raven tress,
And feathery coronet—and all was o'er,
Save the deep thunder of the eternal surge
Sounding their epitaph."

Our article, in its fragmentary state, may also create the impression that genial wit and humor never sparkle in her writings. To correct such an impression, we will append "An Old Story," done up into verse. It is alike amusing and instructive. Some of our readers may have seen it before, but they will bid it welcome again:

"Says Tom to Jem, as forth they went
To walk one evening fine,
'I wish the sky a great green field,
And all that pasture mine.'
'And I,' says Jem, 'wish yonder stars,
That there so idly shine,
Were every one a good fat ox,
And all those oxen mine.'
'Where would your herd of cattle graze?'
'Why, in your pasture fair.'
'They should not, that's a fact,' said Tom;
'They shall not, I declare!'

With that they frowned, and struck, and fought,
And fiercely stood at bay,
And for a foolish fancy cast
Their old regard away.
And many a war, on broader scale,
Hath stained the earth with gore,
For castles in the air, that fell
Before the strife was o'er."

Mrs. Sigourney has recently been called to experience anew the sorrows of bereavement, in the sudden death of her husband. We believe that a daughter is now all of her family that remains to her on earth. She has our sympathy in her sorrows; but she has a higher solace than human sympathy. Her muse may be chas-

tened by these sorrows, but not silenced. Rather may it be tuned to higher and holier melodies!

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*The Western Clearing*.—In the very places where many of our readers now live were once witnessed scenes like that exhibited in this plate. The wild scene in the wilderness, the rude log-cabin home, the fire kindled beneath the branches of the forest-trees, are not mere fancy dreams, but real memories. The hunter in the picture has been successful in the chase, and his faithful dog shares in his pride of success. His "helpmeet" has kindled the fire and hung on the pot. We have no doubt the family will enjoy a royal feast; not all the luxuries that could be crowded upon the tables of wealth could make them more happy. We catch a glimpse of the children of this pioneer couple. The oldest son, a sturdy lad, is bringing a huge fagot for the fire; the second—we have our suspicions about him—seems to be holding up that old tree, or it may be that he is cutting it down, or, what is equally possible, frightening away some "varmint" of the Indian or wild-cat race; the third—a brave "eight year old"—is not afraid of the dead stag—not he! but the loveliest of all—the pet of all—dares not come quite so near. We hope our gentle readers, accustomed to the comforts and conveniences—nay, the superfluities—of old and established homes, will not look upon this as a scene of sorrow, privation, and suffering, rendered tolerable only by a faint glimpse of hope dimly seen. There is often more real happiness in a backwoods hovel than in a city palace.

Early Piety, we think, can not but commend itself to the hearts of our pious readers. The custom of reading the Bible daily upon the knees—secluded from the world and alone with God—is beautiful beyond expression. It can not fail to leave impressions divine and lasting on the soul of childhood and youth. The picture reminds us of the following beautiful stanza from a poem found in the *Englishwoman's Magazine*:

"And low within a quiet room
There knelt a fair young child;
The bright tears glisten'd in her eye,
But while she pray'd, she smil'd.
For beautiful and holy thoughts,
Gleams from the light above,
Had tuned her infant lips to praise,
And fill'd her heart with love."

We can scarcely wonder that her eye as well as her heart should be drawn heavenward.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The author of "Liberty's Lament" says, in a note to the editor, "I suspect you will think there is more *truth* than *poetry* in these lines." The result justifies the suspicion of the author; for though the lines contain much truth—and expressed, too, with considerable force—they lack the smoothness of poetry.

A poem on "Spring," commencing,

"Sweet Spring has returned with her soft balmy air,
And banished bleak winter away,"

has been read several times; but we could never quite make up our mind to insert it. In several instances there is rather too much constraint or effort in order to get the right measure and rhyme.

The editor can not agree with the author of "The Weeping Parent's Life-Dream" in his opinion that it is "worthy" of a place in the Repository.

"The Dying Blind Man to his Wife" has been "viewed and reviewed," and once or twice been almost on the point of receiving an insertion. Now we lay it aside; but not till we have culled the four following stanzas, which contain a beautiful conception:

"I oft have wished these darkened eyes
Might here behold thy face,
That when I meet thee in the skies
I could the semblance trace.
For, O, methinks that even there
I shall thy presence miss;
And only wish with thee to share
That world of untold bliss.
But, Mary, surely thou wilt know
Thy William's face in heaven?
Thou who didst love him here below,
Till earth's frail ties were riven?
And, Mary, surely thine will seek
My spirit in that sphere:
O rapturous thought! we there shall meet,
Nor death nor parting fear."

We would encourage the author of "The Spirit of the Passing Year" to use her pen; but the present production has hardly enough merit to warrant its insertion.

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.—*Living when Every Body is Dead.*—A little girl was discovered lying on the bed in her own room, passionately weeping. To the inquiry what caused her grief, she answered:

"O dear! I am so afraid I shall live till every body is dead that I love, and not a creature will be left to cry at my funeral."

Good Lamps that have Gone to Heaven.—Two little children were admiring the stars, as they came forth on the summer sky.

"What do you suppose they are?" said one.

"I think," said the other, "they are nice lamps, that have been good and gone to heaven."

You Great Ugly Rooster.—A little girl, who had great kindness of heart for all the animal creation, saw a hen preparing to gather her chickens under her sheltering wings, and shouted earnestly:

"O! don't sit down on those beautiful little birds, you great, ugly, old rooster."

Saying Good-Night to God.—The hour had come for retiring, and a sweet little girl was bidding good-night to the family, while her kind nurse stood waiting for her at the parlor-door. She climbed her father's knee to tell him how much she loved him, and gave many kisses to the baby. Her mother, as she embraced her, whispered: "You will not forget your prayers."

"O no, mamma dear, I love to say good-night to God, too."

EXCERPTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—The commendatory notes of kind friends, if they do not appear here, are duly appreciated. The following speaks of our artist, and will speak to the hearts of many of our readers:

"I doubt not your numerous letters try your patience; but permit me to write a few lines to you from my wild retreat in the 'Egypt of Illinois.' Three days since I received the December number of the Ladies' Repository, and I wish to thank you again and again for that beautiful engraving—'The Mother's Dream.' O, how my heart was wrung with sorrow, when I first opened the Repository, and saw that exquisite creation of artistic genius! and at the same moment I could but thank the

kind Disposer of all events for a reassurance that I have an angel in heaven. Others may appreciate the beauty of the engraving, but none but a bereaved mother can feel it. Two short months have not passed since I was the happy mother of a darling babe; but death came, and snatched from my bosom my pride, my pet, my Willie. He was seven months old. I fancy I see him now as he lay, an angel of sweetness, in his little coffin. Black hair waved over the most beautiful of foreheads, and his eyes, once so black and brilliant, were closed as in a quiet slumber. I dressed him in a slip he had been accustomed to wear, and placed some natural flowers around his little dimpled hands. Thus his body rests beneath the sod, while the cold December blast chants his requiem. Pardon me, a stranger, for thus addressing you, but I felt as though it would do me good. I have not forgotten your buried ones, and I know you can sympathize."

To the above, out of all our collection, we have room to add only the following lines from Mrs. R. S. Nichols, received too late for insertion in the body of the work, and too good to be delayed:

SONNET.

The ice-mailed winter beards the tender Spring,
And nips her children with untimely frost;
Discrowned and shoreless, doth the warrior-king
Return to battle for his empire lost!
He blurs the edges of her robes of green,
And with his frozen armies, snow and hail,
Encamps upon the hills and gorge between,
And bids the north wind rite the whistling gale!
The waves dash howling on the flinty coast,
Or climb with giant strides the level sands;
While o'er the billows, like a tortured ghost,
The noble ship drifts wildly, ere it strands.
The Earth is dumb, and Spring imploring waits
The Sun's advancement through the vernal gates!

A NOTE TO THE PATRONS AND FRIENDS OF THE REPOSITORY.—Our plea in the February number for twenty thousand subscribers reminds us of an incident that came under our observation some years since. A Sunday school enterprise was on hand, and a considerable amount of money was to be raised. The boys and girls were all at work. We met one of the keenest of our little allies one day, just after he had made his application to one of our liberal members. The little fellow seemed so chagrined and downcast, that for the moment we supposed he had, for some cause, been repulsed. "What's the matter?" we inquired, calling him by name. Absorbed in his own thoughts and hardly half conscious of our presence, he exclaimed, in a tone of self-vexation, "My! he gave the one dollar so easy, I wish I had asked him for two!" We must confess to something of the same feeling, when we found our list running up to twenty-two thousand before our plea for twenty thousand had time to get out. We felt rather vexed that we had not said twenty-five thousand. It will hardly be generous for us now to ask for more; but our friends will all understand that they are not bound to stop sending in subscriptions.

We have received many letters, both from the east and west, complaining of the late reception of the January number. This delay is easily explained. 1. Many of the subscriptions came in late. 2. The agents had not anticipated so large an increase of subscribers in these hard times, and it was necessary to print several thousand more to meet the increased demand. This required time. We trust, now that we are fairly afloat, there will be no further cause for complaint.

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IN FOLD 11.

EXCHANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES REPOSITORY.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES REPOSITORY.



PAINTED BY T. B. REAGAN

ENG. BY W. H. B. B. B. B. B.

Sarah Josepha Hale

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.